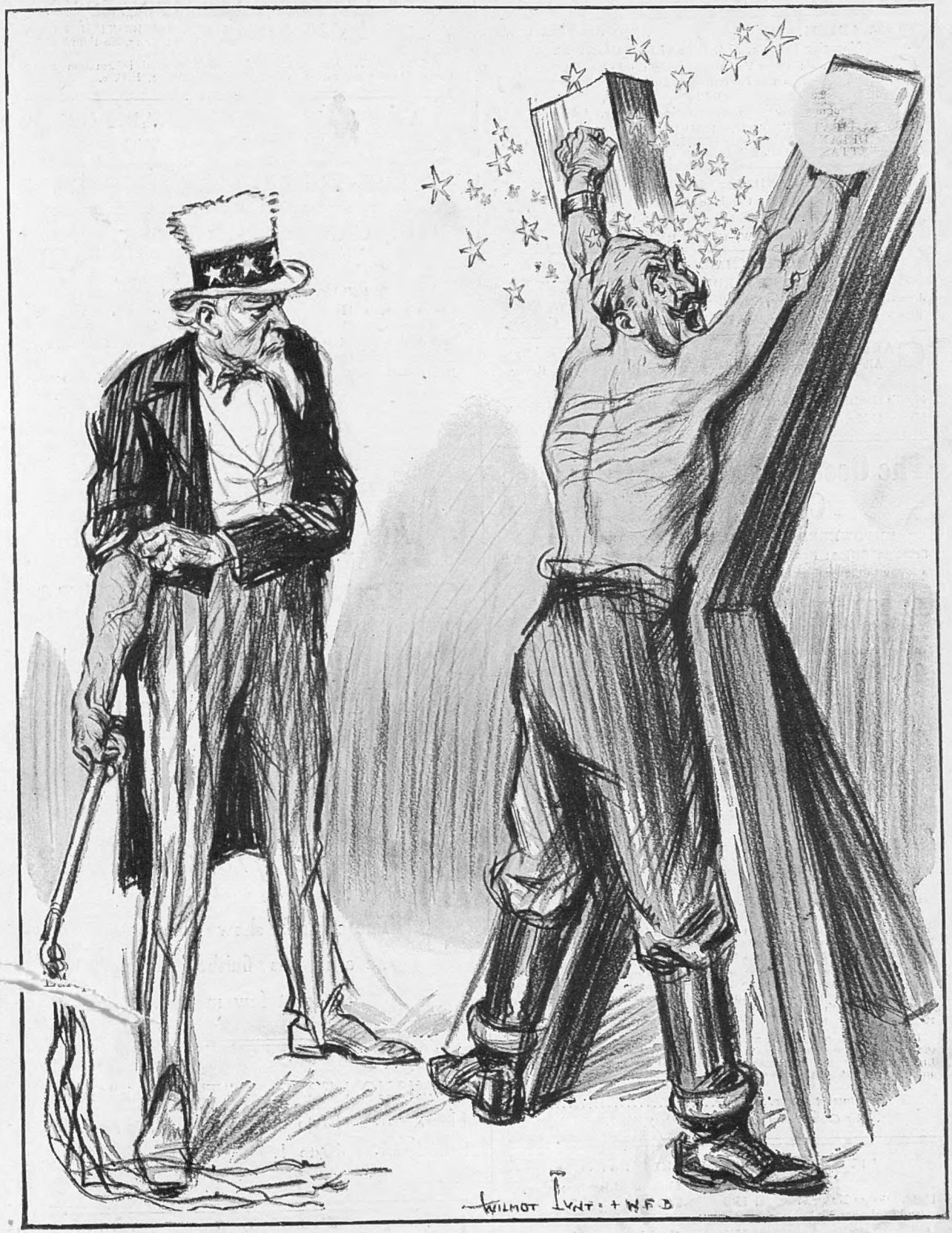
The Bystander, July 11, 1917.—No. 710. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER



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2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, July 9.
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BY

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

Published in "The Bystander"

entitled

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The originals shown are those the artist has finished during the past few months.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

"WAR-AIMS"

War-Aims

"War-aims," international, national, imperial, empirical, political, practical, and personal, nowadays not only take up many columns of the papers, but are the theme of much conversation, both well and ill-informed. Some of these war-aims have missed their mark, and are in process of being scrapped for new ones; others have been straight, and look like reaching their target; a few have scored "bulls"—and these not necessarily Irish. "War-aims" thus being the theme of the moment, there was but one thing for THE BYSTANDER to do, namely, to collect them and present them, crystallised (but, of course, unsugared), to our readers. This we have done, accordingly, trusting that our aim is good, and that our combined volley of pictures and letterpress will hit the mark of your approval.

A Break-Up of China

There are at least a dozen excellent reasons why I should make no comment on these various "war-aims." For one thing, THE BYSTANDER'S full of them already; for another, I am almost as vague as to what some of them really are as the inspired politicians who give eloquent utterance to them. Besides, at the moment I am much more interested in other matters—China, for instance. Empire for thirty centuries, Republic for two or three years, and (as I write) Empire again—for how long? A most interesting country, if only the war would give us time to be interested in it. The break-up of China would be almost as big a world-upheaval as the war itself; its continued solidity—the solidity of an Empire of four hundred millions of people "easy to feed, easy to lead, fearless of death," as Gordon said, might make, in a not very distant future, China's "war-aim" a matter of some moment to an exhausted Europe.

"'Baccy"

I couldn't keep quite clear of war-aims in the last comment, you see; but I promise you this one shall not even remind you of them. 'Baccy, the solace of the Sons of Labour, is to come down in price again. At least, that's what Mr. Bonar Law, with simple faith, imagines will be the result of the recent action, to which he was doubtless spurred by reading THE BYSTANDER of a fortnight ago! "I put one-and-tenpence a pound on tobacco, and the tobacconists raise the price twopence an ounce. Horrible! horrible! Well, I'll make it elevenpence instead—just half; and the tobacconists will take off half their extra charge—why, it's as simple as doubling one's capital in shipping shares, isn't it?"

The Usual Squeal

But I'm afraid Mr. Bonar Law doesn't know his tobacconists. Already they are explaining how absolutely impossible it will be to take off that penny—that extra charges for freight and insurance have not been taken into account by the public, that they have issued new price lists, and that it would be most inconvenient to alter them. *Most* inconvenient, no doubt! Why, the profits might not run into nearly so many millions a year! All the same, if the working-man finds that nothing comes of it, there will be a renewal of "unrest," and then, when sufficient time has been wasted, and output lost, and bad temper

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE WORLD'S WAR-AIM

To crush Prussianism

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

engendered, we shall have the State-aided pipe as well as the State-aided loaf, I suppose.

Beer, Too!

And another of "the three B's" is to be made more accessible. The prospect of a beerless harvest was driving farmers to desperation, and the grant of an increase of one-third in the amount of beer permitted to be brewed in the ensuing quarter will help them a deal more than the advent even of bands of fortuitous piano-tuners from the National Service Bureau. Miners and munition-workers, too, will be proportionately cheered up by this concession, and, indeed, nobody is likely to be depressed by it except the crank confederacy which had been secretly congratulating itself on the success which its campaign had secured under the convenient cloak of "national necessity." Last week was a bad week for them, and it was not mitigated by the grant of another forty days' racing, though of the benefit to national interests of this last concession I am much more doubtful than of the restoration to Labour of some of its beer and 'baccy.

Russia Rediviva

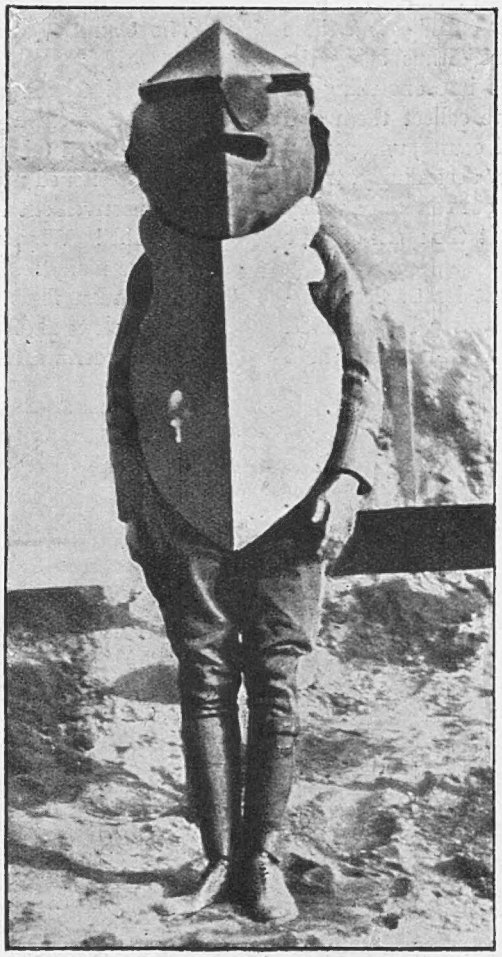
If General Brusiloff gets the backing he deserves—but it is a big "if"—the Germans will be obliged once more to put many more divisions in the Eastern front than they are likely to be able to spare from the Western. Brusiloff's attack, should its present success continue, will do more to weld Russia into a coherent nation than all Petrograd's palavers and parades. One of the lessons we have yet to learn about Russia is that Petrograd represents Russia to a far less degree than Paris, say, represents France. Success is a powerful magnet; under Brusiloff's banner there is at least a chance of a united Russia. The great retreat of 1915 turned him into a revolutionary, for he knew the cause of that retreat was not the weight of the open foe in front but the drag of the hidden enemy from behind. The best of luck to him! All the same, I should be more pleased if we had heard something about Mackensen lately—he has a nasty habit of indulging in intense activity after a period of prolonged quiescence. I hope they've sent him West—to serve under the Crown Prince!

Saturday's Raid

To advertise "Baby Week" as we did was simply asking for trouble. Not even the blindest could fail to see that the German High Command could never let slip such an opportunity for another air-raid. Fancy! All the babies in England gathered together in London for the show! And so they came again. And once again London, marvellously rebuilt since the raid a fortnight ago, is laid in smoking ruins! There are still, however, a few survivors. Among them an ancient man who, perched precariously on a ladder fifty feet up, was painting the outside of the office window when the bombs began to fall. Not a nice place to be in, with a raid on, eh? But the old boy just looked up once, inquiringly, shook his head, and went on placidly slabbing the paint on with his brush. So much for "frightfulness," Master Boche.

R.S.V.P.

"Reprisals" is a horrid, though an undeniably popular, word. In our English manner we are busily engaged in searching about for one which will allow us to do what we mean by reprisals while calling it by a sweeter name. Or, if that can't be managed, our bishops will, apparently, not wail so loudly if our Allies do our reprisals for us. On Friday night the French airmen attacked Treves, Coblentz, Ludwigshafen, and Essen itself, and even though two of these are cathedral towns and presumably contain a quota of women and children, I do not observe in Monday's papers any episcopal letters of protest. It is wonderful how conscience can soothe us when somebody else does for us what we are too squeamish to do for ourselves. But the position will get rather complicated when the French make our reprisals upon the Germans and the Germans come and strafe us because of the French raids. Perhaps we should all be satisfied if our airmen were to make reprisals for German raids on French towns. To shift responsibility has ever been the aim of those in high places—and here is an ideal solution for their troubles.



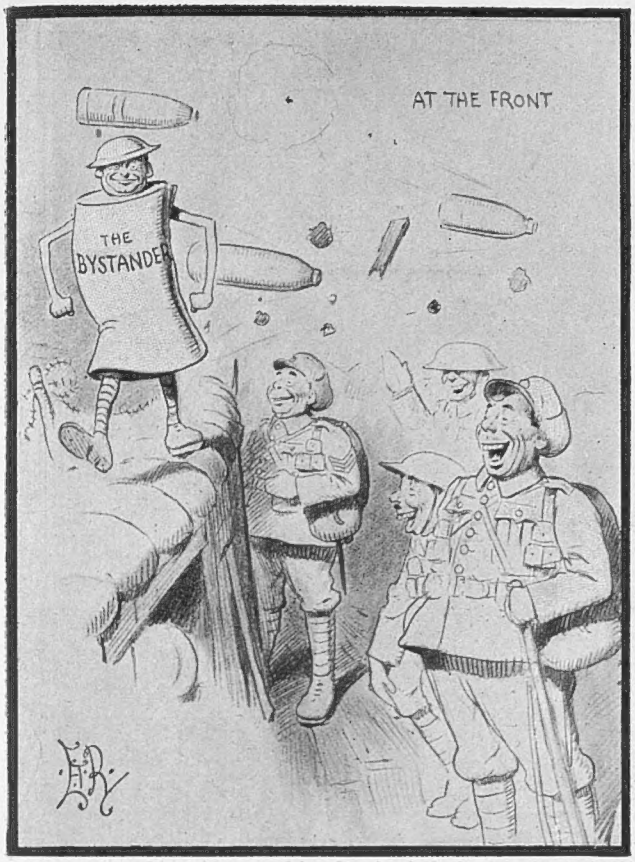
THE INVENTOR'S WAR-AIM

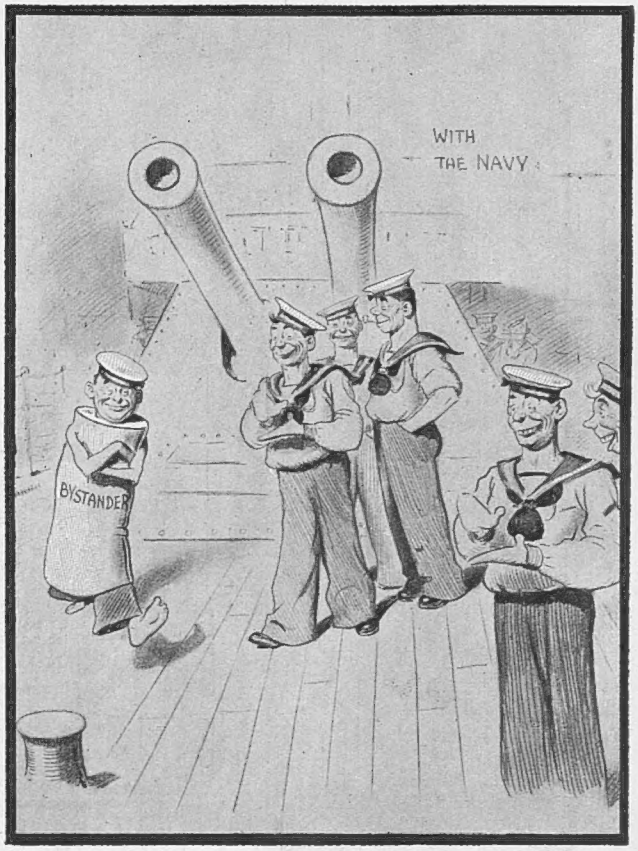
To make war truly hideous

The Airman in Another Place

But whatever the achievements of English, French, or German airmen, they pale into insignificance beside the exploit of one airman not engaged in our war at all. Only a day or two back I wrote on the previous page (fortunately with some doubt!) of the restoration of the Manchu dynasty in China. And now comes the news that one single Republican airman (possibly the only representative of this arm in China—was he a latent Hun, I wonder?) has dropped a bomb on the Imperial Palace at Pekin, and that the youthful Emperor has incontinently abdicated! Poor little chap! Still, to be an Emperor for four days is an experience; and if he should ever write his reminiscences the chapter recounting last week's history should be one of interest, especially to other ex-despots.

"The Bystander's" War-Aim

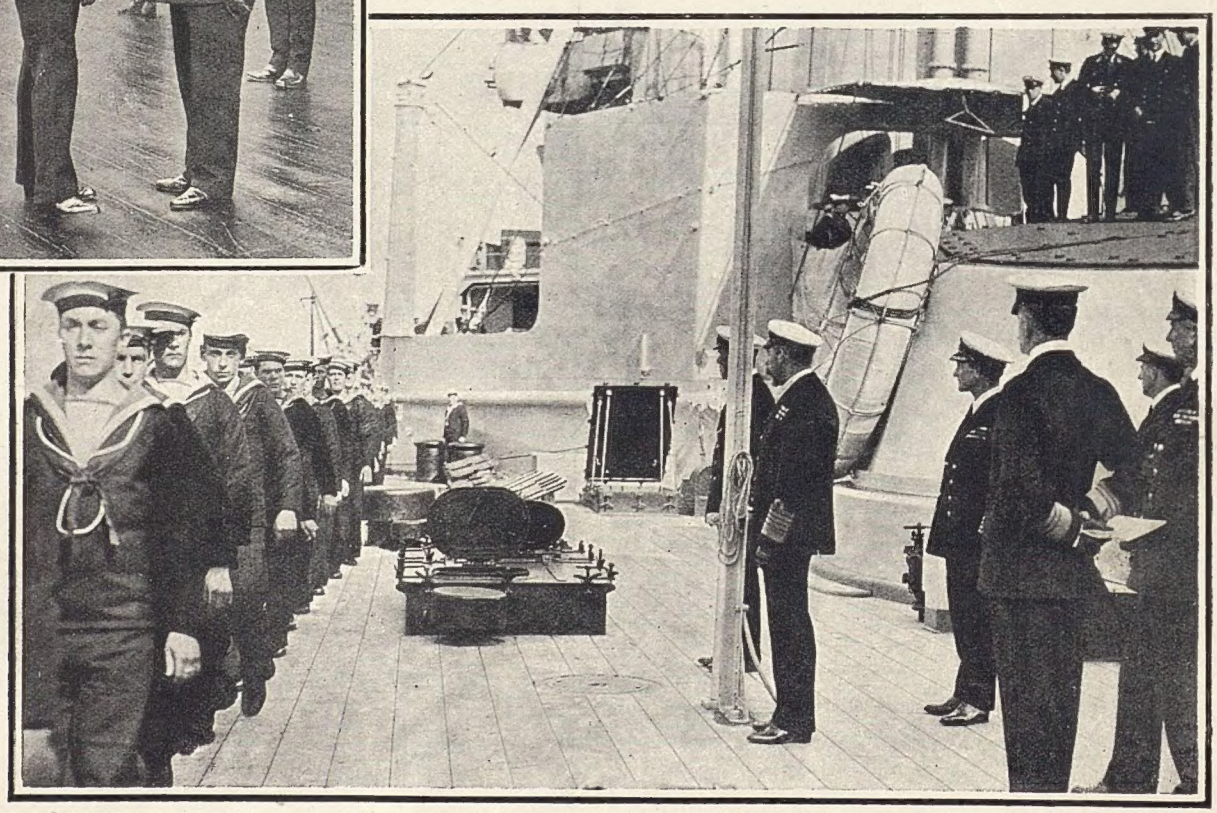




TO RETAIN THE WARM WELCOME IT ALREADY ENJOYS

The War-Aims of the British Navy—

The men of Vice-Admiral Sir W. C. Pakenham's ship watching him being knighted by the King



Photographs S.P.U.

The King inspecting the crews of two of his battleships as they march past him

—To remain the finest and cleanest fighting force in the world, and to show that the British Sea-Lion is more than a match for the Hun Sea-Serpent

"IN ENGLAND -NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"At the Summer sales—war economy, of course"

LONDON, *July* 9, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

WAR-AIMS, it rather seems, like other objects and ideals, have a way of shifting, don't you think? A sort of a watering-down, thinning out process takes place. In the early days, for example, Prime Ministers talked gaily about never sheathing the sword, etc., while brain-free optimists chatted cheerfully about the march into Berlin; and digging out the German Fleet like rats from their holes was promised as quite a mere side-show.

TO-DAY, though the cry is still no peace without victory, ideas about what peace will mean, and victory too, have changed a little. We have not faltered in our task; our heads, though bloody, are unbowed; but the horrors the world has been through have brought a better realisation of what war really means nearer home to us. War-aims to-day, though less flamboyant, really strike deeper and wider. With our hearts sick with memories, it's not the Germans alone, it's war itself we want to down and out for ever and ever and ever.

NOT that here, in London, now, there are any more signs than before of high purpose or deeper war-aims, or anything of that sort. As Mr. Scott O'Connor says in one of the new books, "The Scene of War," soldiers throng the streets in such numbers that you might think there was no battle-line at all; the pavements are so crowded with people, the streets so dense with traffic, you might think the life of London was completely aloof from the life of the world and its passions of conflict.

SO many trains come and go, so many motors speed along the streets, the hotels are so full . . . you might think the war did not touch the people of this country at all. In the thoroughfares there is laughter, and a determined enjoyment of life. There is no lack of wealth, no visible abatement in the expenditure of the people. Every seat at the principal theatres is booked in advance. The life of this great city goes on seemingly as though the world was not in tumult, and twenty million men were not at death-grips with each other across the width of Europe.

THE Roll of Honour—the Roll of Sorrow some of us call it—fills wide columns of the papers; yet there is no mourning in the streets, no impression of grief or loss. Those who are stricken know what is in their hearts, but they keep the knowledge to themselves:

> Heedless and careless, still the world goes on,
> And leaves us broken. . . . Oh, our sons! our sons!

Of the dead, the wounded; the millions of slowly earned wealth that have been poured out in shells and guns and implements of war; the fields that have been watered with blood and paved with gold; the human record, the secret history of the soul, the anguish of broken hearts . . . no one could think of these who walked in the streets of London now.

"To collect a 'boy'"

THE war-aim of the flighty flapper is still to collect early and often a "boy" to take her out to tea and buy her chocolates; of the "Society Beauty" to be seen and heard and photographed even more than usual—the war, with its innumerable in-aid-ofs, gives her even finer chances of publicity than peace does; of the confirmed shopper to hunt as usual at the summer sales (war economy, of course); of the chorus girl—I should say the revue artist—to achieve more frocks than ever, more lunches and suppers and

(*Continued on page 62*)

snacks at Skindle's and elsewhere, an even more varied kaleidoscope of temporary admirers.

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REMINDS me, more shows than ever apparently's the aim of the theatre people—just so's to keep amused the battle-fighters on leave or back with Blighty ones, of course. But not all of the plays of the moment are the fluffy kind one of our new poets writes of so scarifyingly:

The House is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din:
"We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old tanks!"

I'd like to see a Tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes, or "Home Sweet Home,"
And there'd be no more jokes in music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

"Back with a Blighty one"

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ENGLAND after the war is Mr. Galsworthy's theme in *The Foundations*—an England quite extraordinarily like England before the war, according to the brilliant author of "Strife" and "Justice" and "The Silver Box." The poor still poor, the rich still rich (perhaps richer), class as divided as ever from class if they did fight together on the battlefield, and the old rumours of social revolution revived with an added bitterness.

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"LOT of people thought there'd be no more of that after the war," says Mr. Galsworthy's philosophic ex-soldier footman; "I could have told 'em different. Out there in the trenches a shell'd blow off some officer's head, and I'd think 'That might 'a been me.' We're all equal in the sight of the stars! But when I got home again among the toffs I says to myself: 'Out there you filled a hole as well as me. But here. . . .'"

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AND there's a delightful butler, too, of the real old-fashioned "family" variety, *plus royaliste que le roi*. The Socialist plumber rouses his wrath, "For hindependence," he tells him, "I never saw your hequal. You might be an Haustralian!" And when the mob demonstrates outside his master's house he burns with righteous indignation. "What was the good of all our sacrifices for the country?" he wants to know "This 'ouse an 'ospital in the war, no town house for four seasons, rusticating in the shires, not a soul but two boys under me, Lord William at the front. . . ."

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RATHER depressing, yes, but I, too, am one of those who fail to find in war anything to be so very cheery about, or of those either who think it's a cleansing process that's going to bring us somewhere near the millennium. Though there's one thing to be thankful for—even war, with all its power for evil and all the unending suffering it causes, isn't strong enough to crush the human heart; its horrors, indeed, throw the simpler, sweeter side of life into more intense relief. The best side of human nature, I think, must be meant to survive—or life would be too unbearable to be lived. That's the charm of, perhaps, the most down-trodden of all in Mr. Galsworthy's play, the old woman who'd been so sweated and so starved that all sensation had gone out of her. She was too weary even to be discontented—all that remained was an abiding joy in the remembrance of those days of her country youth when "the men talked love" to her.

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APROPOS, in the new revue at the Palace people like the line: "He's that loving he's not like a husband at all—anyone would think he was billeted on me!" And the jocund Mr. John Humphreys as Ole Bill pretending he's Captain Bairnsfather reconciles one even to that somewhat doubtful form of amusement—trench humour on the stage. "Why, larst time I see 'Aig, he sez to me, he sez, 'Blarst yer, Bairnsfather, I'm sick of the sight of yer, I am!'"

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HERE, by the way, we're a bit sick at the sight of Flag Days, but this week's—which is France's—is, of course, an extra special one, that the most inveterate misoflagist can hardly be snorty and sniffy about. France, the country that's been the wonder of the war, that's known it at close quarters as we have never, and that is almost *épuisée*, as someone has put it, under the burden of war at her own door. "Under the light, sparkling surface of this people," as they say in the book I've been quoting you, "there resides a core of indestructible granite, and the Boche is up against it now. Gone for the moment are the vivacity and the joy, but the infinite patience, the undying valour, these remain. Let us bow to them when we meet them on the road."

"France's Flag-Day"

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AND of their war-devastated country. . . . "In this land ruin walks hand-in-hand with death. The green meadows and the russet orchards; the old people at their doors, the children at their gate; the blue smoke of each homestead curling into the quiet sky; the stir and music of the street—all these have gone. Aceldama, it has become a place of woe; and Golgotha, a place of skulls."

(*Continued on page 64*)

The War-Aim of the Flapper

TO MAKE THE BEST OF BOTH ARMS—OF THE SERVICE

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

So many of their most cherished towns and beloved buildings have gone that it's no wonder that the French sometimes protest a little when, driven by the necessities of war, we turn our big guns on to some Hun-infested city of *la belle France*. Personally, I can imagine ourselves taking just the same point of view—can't you?—if the Germans were, say, in Oxford and our Allies started smashing up with their 75's

"Magdalen's tall tower tipped with tremulous gold,
That marks the High Street of the little town."

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We are spared so much, we here at home, safe in this little green England where even now, in the far country places, save that their men are gone, they realise only with difficulty the heat and the horror of war. Just now and again, perhaps, we get a glimpse of war's realities—as last week, when the humiliating Mesopotamia revelations made even those who'd guessed, who knew, shudder again at the wickedness and the uselessness and the hopelessness of it all; but in the ordinary way it's positively wonderful how detached from the world war we remain—even, indeed, when we've ourselves had a flick from the war-whip in the shape of air raids at high noon.

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Talk about *insouciance*. . . . After the last, which wasn't exactly a toy one, all the lunch places were just as crammed as usual, all the afternoon's shows went on rather less disturbed than if there'd been one of our extra special thunderstorms, and no dinner or theatre-party was even postponed. And, after all, I dare say that's the right way. Best war-aim of all, perhaps—just to carry on.

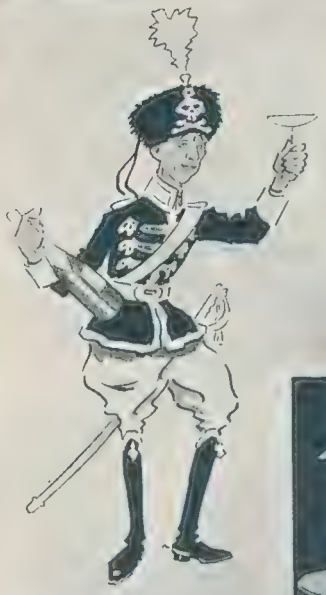
With love, yours ever, Blanche

THE WOMAN AGRICULTURAL WORKER'S WAR-AIM

To stand in the breeches between the sexes

Below You'll be Amused to Find—

GERMAN WAR AIMS



IT VOULD HAVE BEEN A LOVELY STUNT, FOR I VOS OUT FOR LOOT. I CRIED 'HOCH KAISER!' — NOW I'M VISER. SOON I'LL GET THE BOOT.

I. VOS THE GREAT VON HINDENBURG. MY LINE VOS ALL MIXED UP. IF HAIG VOULD VAIT, I'D GET IT STRAIGHT UND HAVE MY FRONT FIXED UP.

MEIN GOTT! I VOS DER SUPERMAN. I VOS A TEN DAYS VONDER. I TRIED TO TAKE DER BLOOMIN' CAKE. IT VOS A STUPID BLUNDER.

MY WAR AIMS CHANGE FROM DAY TO DAY. I CUT A SORRY CAPER. UND IF THIS FIGHT DON'T END ALL RIGHT, THEY'LL BLAME THAT SCRAP OF PAPER.

FOR FREEDOM OF THE SEAS VE SEND, OUR U BOATS OUT TO FIGHT. OF COURSE VE KNOW IT AINT NO GO, BUT DON'T IT SOUND ALL RIGHT?

YOU ASK US VOT OUR WAR AIMS VOS. VE AINT GOT NONE SOMEHOW. THEY VENT ALL WRONG, YOU VOS SO STRONG UND VE VOS PEACE CRANKS NOW.

WILL OWEN

—Some Thoughts that Thrill the German Mind

The War-Aims of the Fourth Estate

TO ABOLISH THE OTHER THREE

ONE of the greatest of the results of the war will, of course, be the permanent increase of the power of the Press. What we have done *in* the war is as nothing to what we journalists all hope —and intend—to do afterwards.

In the war, as everybody knows, we have just done the winning of it. All the really respectable successes have been the results of things *we* have at various times suggested—more men, more shells, more aeroplanes, less food, less liberty, less football—and all the failures have been the results of things *we* have not been consulted about.

⁂ ⁂

WHEN the war is over we shall have a good look over the balance-sheet, and if a good profit is shown we shall claim that *we* won it. If there is a loss, it will be because what *we* said should have been done wasn't done.

Our war-aim is, therefore, to reap the cumulative effect of the victory we shall have gained for the nation, and the only thing that will satisfy us will be complete control of the whole business of State. The thing will really be quite simple, and absolutely democratic. We shall wash out the first three estates of the Realm and declare the Fourth to be the one and only. It will be perfectly simple to dispose of Crown, Peers, and Commons by omitting to mention any of them except at maximum page advertisement rates.

THE PRESSIMIST'S WAR-AIM
To pull the strings of "The Five"

⁂

YOUR citizenship will be symbolised not as an elector, but as a gentle reader. As—or I should say *qua*—reader you will run your native land as you read. That is to say, by reading what *we* say, believing it, and generally acting upon our instructions, you will help to run it. Every great issue will be tested by a poll of readers (in which *we* shall have the counting of the votes).

All debates will take place in the columns of the Press (in which *we* shall call the speakers). If you want to hear all sides you will have to buy all the papers (of which *we* shall reap the benefit). Votes, as I have said, will be by readers' referendums, which we shall institute whenever circulations (and advertising revenues) show a little falling off.

⁂ ⁂

AN objection to this will be that the papers with the biggest circulations will control the biggest bodies of voters. I have guarded against that. There will be "P. R." : likewise one vote one value. On this principle :

1. As it is admitted that the quality of circulation varies inversely with the numbers thereof, all circulations are equal to the largest circulation. 2. A circulation of 1,000 is equal in intellectual mass and volume to a circulation of 1,000,000. Therefore each reader of a paper with a circulation of 1,000 will have a thousand votes. Each reader of a paper of 100,000 will have ten votes, and so on *ad infinitum*.

⁂ ⁂

EDITORS will form the Permanent War Cabinet—which we shall humorously call the "Peace" Cabinet, "Peace" retaining its status as the stock joke, and being permanently printed in inverted commas. They will also, when tired of staying at home or when they make themselves nuisances, be sent abroad to co-ordinate missions in allied countries. There will not be, of course, an era of universal "peace" in the Paper Reign of Terror. We shall arrange periodical "wars" and control the "casualty" lists. These "wars" will be as bloody as the public requires, as revealed in circulation figures.

We shall win or lose "battles" according to whether the public requires heartening or depressing.

⁂ ⁂

I THINK that is sufficient to give you an insight into Journalistic War-Aims. There are others, but as these are largely of a personal and a financial character they are no affair of yours.

V. C.

The War-Aim of the German Armies—

IN THE SQUARE AT ARRAS
Showing one of the ruined churches

—Destruction and Desecration

A street in Vimy village, captured by the Canadians. Inset is the village Calvary at Crapeaumesnil, re-erected by French soldiers on a shattered tree-stump after it had been thrown down by the Germans

Some War-Aims—(Unofficial)

As everyone knows the war-aim of the Kaiser is to be able to prove to three places of decimals that by losing a war you have really won a glorious victory. It is not, however, so well known that a secondary war-aim of the Kaiser is said to be to tour the country with one of the veterans of the old cab-driving industry, and to hold contests in free-and-easy vituperation for the lion's share of the gate-money. The Kaiser's backers are said to be confident that H.I.M. will win every time.

❀

There is a persistent rumour to the effect that the war-aim of ex-King Tino is to be able to rent a modest flat in Paris, or some other cosmopolitan city, where he could spend an occasional evening out without the missus.

❀

The war-aim of the British Tommy who has had three winters in the trenches will probably be to get back to Blighty and set up in business as an expert in leaks and bursts. The ordinary home-grown plumber will stand no chance against a man whose speciality will be flooded basements where you can stand in it up to your neck until it is time to go back home and fetch the forgotten bag of tools.

❀

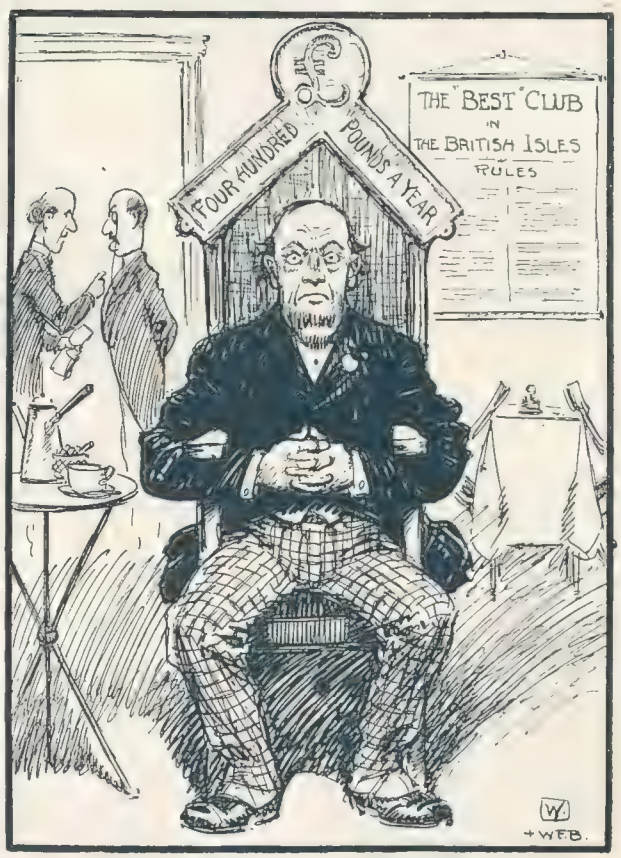
The war-aim of the war-time striker is, they say, to grow a beard quickly, and otherwise disguise himself so that he will be able to pass unrecognised in the crowd when the boys come home. As the 'bus companies say, "Safety First."

❀

It is scandalously alleged that the war-aim of the average politician is to find something or other that needs controlling, and to get the job of doing it at umteen thousand a year. It is true that some people think that what most politicians need most to control is—themselves; but even Armageddon cannot bring back the age of miracles.

❀

The war-aim of a number of society ladies is said to be to find an excuse for flag days when the war is over, especially on the Stock Exchange, where it appears flag-selling can be made really amusing if you haven't got mother with you.



THE POLITICIAN'S WAR-AIM
To keep his seat

❀

The war-aim of the special constable will be to go three turnings out of his way every evening in order to avoid the regular policeman who used to call him "mate" when they were on the same beat together in the bad old days; and the regular policeman's war-aim will, no doubt, be to acquire the habit of forgetting that about two o'clock in the morning he is dying for a smoke and has left his tobacco at home. There will then be no sympathetic soul with a ready cigarette-case to whom the very touching information can be imparted.

❀

The war-aim of the bank clerk was, of course, settled long ago. He wants to get back to his bank and show them how to fix up the barbed wire entanglements that will be a necessary substitute for the conventional grille at the counter. The sight of a clear eighteenpence lying alone and unprotected on the cashier's desk is likely, in view of the coming universal shortage of cash, to make some of us very desperate customers indeed.

❀

It is obvious that the war-aim of the chronic slacker will be to claim that somebody had to carry on the business of the country, and that if it had not been for him there would have been no country worth coming back to. Great men are always misunderstood, however, and if in the subsequent rush he should find himself in the horse-pond, he may be consoled with the reflection that 'twas ever thus, or somewhere thereabouts.

❀

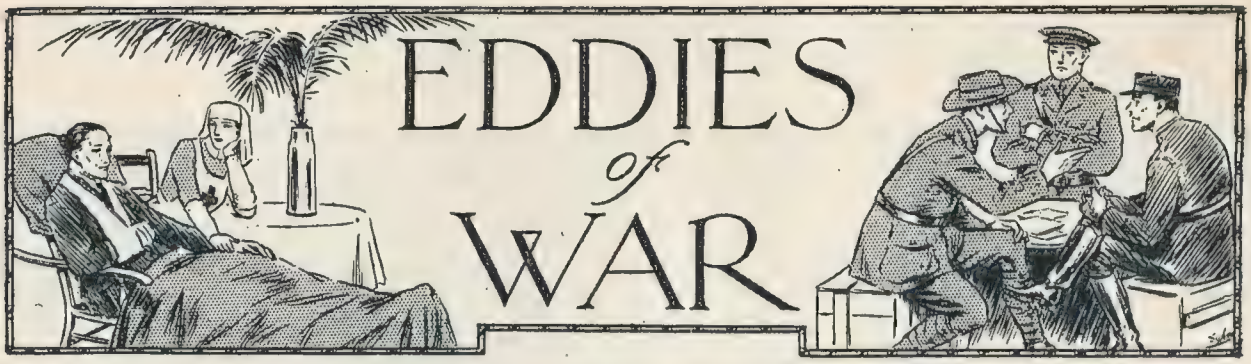
The war-aim of the local greengrocer will be to breed slugs and cabbage butterflies in large quantities, and train them to advance in massed formation on the allotments all about his shop. Without some such strategy (or is it tactics?) his occupation will be gone.

❀

The war-aim of the motor-'bus conductress is "*J'y suis, j'y reste*—and don't you forget it. *Na poo!*"

The War-Aim of Davy Jones

TO COMPLETE THE COLLECTION IN HIS LOCKER



THE REASON WHY. BY DELL LEIGH

If you had actually asked "Conky" Fowler the reason why he joined the Army in October, 1914, he would probably have said "don't be funny," and continued to pick his teeth. As a matter of fact, there had been lurking in the background of "Conky's" mind a very definite reason. I doubt if he ever got so far with himself as to put it into actual speech—but there it was all the same. He wanted to get on. His whole outlook in life was seared, or emblazoned (according to your own point of view), by a great and overmastering ambition to rise, financially and socially.

⁂ ⁂

He eked out a totally inadequate existence as a costs clerk in a quantity surveyor's office in an E.C. district, living for the 1 p.m. on Saturdays. Such a life, on thirty-two shillings and sixpence a week (less insurance stamp) was an impossible proposition for "Conky" and his ambitions, which tore him as the vulture tore Prometheus. Then the war flamed out across England just when England was beginning to paddle its tired commercial feet at the seaside. The flame lit up the soul of "Conky." Not a flame of patriotism—let us be quite honest with ourselves and him; but a flame of opportunity. A fortnight ago he was of as much account on the pavement of Oxford Street, at the time when the girls were pouring out of the back doors of the big shops, as were the million or so other cheaply over-dressed youngsters. Rather less so, indeed, because "Conky's" nose, protruding as it did aggressively from his face, knocked him out of the running with the ladies. Suddenly, however, London, and the rest of enlightened England, began to smile kindly upon "Conky" and his brethren, and glaring posters began to speak to him from every hoarding. One such finished him off by saying, *inter alia*, "You will make friends," "You will GET ON." He retired from the noise of the Marble Arch into the dim expanse of the Park and weighed it all up, taking cigarette after cigarette from the gaudy aluminium case. This was obviously the game. A fair fight (in the ambitious sense) among a thousand other men, all new to the life, as he would be. And after? A commission, perhaps. To be a member of a mess. To be called "sir" and saluted; ultimately "Captain Fowler," if the fates were kind, and a snug military job when the war was over in a year (it *couldn't* last longer) somewhere down Aldershot way.

⁂ ⁂

He was well built; the regular threepenny swim in the second-class baths at Poplar had helped him there in the early days, and he never got tired. So there was very little difficulty with the acid-tongued medical officer at the Territorial headquarters on the morrow. And the Great Life began. We will pass lightly over the spade work of the scheme of ambition, step by little step fulfilled; and it was, indeed, heavy spade work for "Conky." Many was the night in the leaking hut on the Plain that he would sit, all hunched up on his bed while the others were snoring, loathing and detesting his fellow men, and particularly the company sergeant-major. He found (during the bad hours) that he had deceived himself, and had drifted back into one of those nameless entities, like the Oxford Street days—one of a platoon of numbered fools . . . "odd numbers one pace to the rear, even numbers stand fast. . . ." He was just one of those. No more, no less, and it never ceased raining. . . .

⁂ ⁂

But not quite. The battalion, which now claims four battle honours to its colours, went eventually to France. When it got there, and jolted up by easy, and sultry, journeyings to railhead, "Conky" came partially into his own. I can't explain with any exactitude the details of his personal advancement beyond saying that he was just one of those men you cannot keep back. He passed with amazing rapidity, and in the teeth of much company opposition, through the N.C.O. stages. As a sergeant his lightning figure calculations brought him to the notice of brigade headquarters, who promptly snaffled him. He ousted the brigade sergeant-major by sheer personality and efficiency, and when that worthy applied for a transfer reigned in his stead, to the delight of the new brigadier, whose arithmetic was his only weak point.

⁂ ⁂

He was one of the first to be sent home from France to the officers' cadet school at home, which peremptory order he accepted with no unusual alacrity, as a brigade sergeant-major in the "second best division after the Guards" is—well, somebody. He was received with an indifference tinged with occasional respect, for "Conky" had seen a good deal of close and very dirty fighting in the salient before brigade headquarters had collared him.

⁂ ⁂

Eventually he was posted to a battery of artillery on probation. The rest was easy. Back in France again, a gunner now, commanding men with an acidity and absolute fairness bred of bitter experience in a hard school—the hardest.

As a forward observation officer he was at his best. And as an F.O.O. "Conky" died.

With his legs sticking out of the ruins of the shelled cottage his battery commander and an R.A.M.C. corporal found him, in the fading light of a ghastly day.

"My God," said the Battery Commander, as they pulled him from the broken masonry, "that's a fine man gone."

But no doubt "Conky" heard this from the other place, and was completely satisfied.

Tommy's One and Only War-Aim

TO KICK THE KAISER OFF THE EARTH

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"—THE AIMS OF WAR

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *July.*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

WHAT, I wonder, do monsieur and his compatriots think of this new Conference of the Allies to discuss the aims of war? Frankly, to us here in the Café Gaulois it seems surprising that a Conference should be necessary, and I am sure if monsieur had assisted at the discussion we have just had on this subject he would agree with Frédéric that for most of *us* the aims of war are *une affaire réglée.*

⁂

IT was our brave Commandant who, after reading about the projected Conference, defined with eloquence what must be the *buts de guerre* of every patriotic Frenchman, and I imagine his eloquence was not a little stimulated by the arrival of M. Désiré, who since the unaccomplished voyage to Stockholm is more than ever the *bête noire par excellence* of M. le Commandant; but I will transcribe his own words.

⁂

"To beat the Boches, to reconquer our lost provinces—to be sure, these are our immediate aims; but once this is done (and if we listen to the counsels of those who are competent it will be soon!) our great, our *only* aim must be to become once more what we once were—a strong nation! And a strong nation, messieurs, is a populous nation" (words doubly significant in the mouth of an old bachelor! But let me not interrupt him!)

"Since no longer we can produce a Little Corporal, let it be our aim to produce *women such as the Emperor would have admired*—mothers of heroes—and heroes in the plural!"

⁂

EVERYBODY cried "*Très bien!*" and M. Georges, who is a fellow-celibate, insisted on embracing the speaker. Ah, but it is good to hear our Commandant when he is inspired, and I wish monsieur had been there to enjoy with us the picture he drew of the France of his dreams! In the place of every *château* in ruins he built a new barracks to receive the legions of little Frenchmen he depicted to us drilling in all the nurseries of France! What eloquence!—above all in the final apostrophe, when, turning to Mlle. Céline and the Swiss Boy, he adjured them to become the worthy parents of an heroic stock!

⁂

ALTHOUGH the point of view of M. Désiré naturally differs from that of our brave Commandant, it is not without interest. According to him, not the least object of this and every modern war is a juster repartition of wealth, which, he says, is the natural aim of every national upheaval. The realisation of this end, he affirms, is already proving that even a three years' war is not so great a disaster after all. Do we not already see about us the just rewards of patriotic devotion—a sure indication that if the war only lasts long enough we shall attain the economic millennium? Is it not encouraging, monsieur? These utterances had the entire approval of M. Désiré's companion, a young lawyer who has just begun practice at the Law Courts. From what he said, it appears that the beginners had to be content, before the war, if they earned a few hundred francs a year. But *now!*—what a change, monsieur! Not only the "*Avocats,*" but the "*Avocates*" also will tell you that the *douceur de vivre* under the Directoire is nothing compared with the Age of Gold which for the last three years has filled the wallets of those disciples of Themis whom Mars has spared to the Palais de Justice! Indeed, the rush of clients is so strong that they may soon put up a sign in the Salle des Pas-Perdus

(*Continued on page 74*)

"Women such as the Emperor would have admired"

"The just rewards of patriotic devotion"

War-Aims of La Ville Lumière

—TO KEEP LIGHT-HEARTED

These two drawings, by M. Sabattier, one of a *poilu* congratulating an old comrade who has won his commission, together with the Croix de Guerre, the Military Medal, and the Legion of Honour; and the other of a lieut.-colonel, walking with his wife and child, being saluted by one of his men, illustrate the spirit of *camaraderie* and even affection which exists between all ranks of the French army

ON LEAVE

M. Simont's drawing depicts a short sojourn in Paris of some of the men who have kept their beloved capital inviolate

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

like outside the theatres where a successful farce is running: "*On Refuse Du Monde!*"

❀

But of all the war-aims outlined by our clients the most hopeful, the most comforting, is the one described by a *demoiselle* mobilised at the Ministry of War, for it foreshadows nothing less than the undoing of M. Le Bureau, who, as we have so often been told, constitutes for France a danger almost as great, because more insidious, than the Boche himself. For is it not he, the *fonctionnaire*—the *Rond-de-Cuir*, as we say, who is the enemy of all real progress and who strangles the Republic with red tape! What Hindenburg Line can measure itself with the unassailable rampart of his *dossiers* behind which for generations he has defied all attack? Ah! but it seems his hour has come—that it struck, in fact, the day the Government so wisely decided to employ women in its *bureaux*. So far, to be sure, the Oriental system of *harem* and *selamlik* still obtains in the Governmental offices, and "mixed bathing," as it were, is not allowed; but the breach in M. Le Bureau's defences has been made, for in the realm allotted her madame has begun conspiring and plotting against the ancient order of things. To begin with, she has (one trembles to think of her audacity!) opened the musty casements of the stronghold and let in the sunlight and the winds of heaven. With a brush of her magic broomstick she has, like in a fairy-tale of our Perrault, transformed the cuspidors, so dear to the heart of M. Le Bureau, into dainty vases and the cobwebs into flowering plants. These are but the preparations for her well-planned offensive! *Gare à vous!* friend *Rond-de-Cuir*, when it comes off! For it will be an evil day for your sacred order when Madame le Chef de Bureau takes over the command! In the new atmosphere of light and cleanliness your ink-stained soul will pine away, until one fine day it is sucked up into a vacuum-cleaner, while the only dust your victorious rival will permit will be that engendered by her powder-puff!

"When Mme. le Chef de Bureau takes over the command"

"On refuse du Monde"

❀

But apropos of the new Governmental "co-education" establishments (to borrow an expression from our Transatlantic Allies!), it appears, so our *mobilisée* was telling us, that the strict barrier which still divides the male and female zones in the Ministerial departments has had the usual effect on those functionaries in whom the flame of patriotic ardour has not been able to stifle more tender instincts; and since, as monsieur well knows, Love wedded to Necessity can beat even Mr. Edison when it comes to inventions, the great question of how the *billets d'amour* of mobilised Romeos and Juliets are to do their duty has been solved most efficaciously. It is the State itself which is requisitioned to act as *postillon d'amour*, for the tender declarations and messages are confided to the ample margins of the Ministerial decrees and speeches posted on the walls over which the tricolour waves! Ah, if the venerable M. Ribot knew how often Cupid romps among his majestic periods which have merited the honour of the *affichassage!*

À bientôt, monsieur, FRÉDÉRIC

The War-Aim of the Hun Cheap Jack

To get his samples into goot old silly England again mit Zeppelins, ja

Old Bill's

PASSED BY CENSOR

TO LIVE TO SEE A

War-Aim

DAY LIKE THIS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

War-Aims of All Sorts of People

ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE: To postpone the evil "Day."

GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG: Berlin.

KING OF SWEDEN
" NORWAY
" DENMARK } To keep out of it.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: Well then, to win it, look you!

LORD HALDANE: To dope the public memory by talking "Education."

PRESIDENT WILSON: To pay the Hun in his own coin for dishonouring American "Notes."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: To escape from those "rats" and "hornets."

KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA: To evade settling-day after putting his money on the wrong horse.

THE COAL CONTROLLER: To keep the home fires burning.

THE NATURALISED HUN: Pizness as usual, *mein freund!*

LORD RHONDDA: To do what others talked about.

THE R.F.C.'S WAR-AIM
To hit the right nail on the head

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: To provide cowardice with a halo.

THE ALLOTMENT-HOLDER: To cultivate "peas with honour."

THE FOOD PROFITEER: To disprove Norman Angell's theory that war doesn't pay.

LORD DERBY: To go to the top; and over—if absolutely necessary.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: To sit up and take notice.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD: To keep the peace.

MR. SNOWDEN: To speak my piece.

MR. JOHN BURNS: To hold my peace.

VON HINDENBERG: To take a very strong line, and to take it with me wherever I go.

VON TIRPITZ: On no account to suffer little children.

MR. ASQUITH: To wait—er—my opportunity.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: To keep in the van—the van, you know, not the cart.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE: To succeed, Mr. Balfour perhaps, but anyhow to succeed.

A CONTEMPORARY: To save paper.

ITS RIVALS: To save their papers also.

MUNICIPAL PARTIES: To keep off the soup

POLITICAL PARTIES: To keep out of the soup

THE SAILOR: To sweep the seas.

THE SHIPOWNER: To scoop the pools.

THE PRODUCER: To grin and Bull it.

THE CONSUMER: To grin and Bear it.

THE SOLDIER: To biff the Boche.

THE POLITICIAN: To talk the bosh.

THE PEACE-HUNTER: To know my place, and keep in it.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: To have a good time, or do it.

THE PROFITEER: To do all that can be done.

THE POTATO: To make myself scarce.

THE WHITEWASHER: To find a new job, Commissions being "off."

THE POETASTER: To catch Miss Elizabeth Asquith's eye.

THE SCARE HEAD-LINE ARTIST: To get a new post-er.

THE EDITOR: To induce the Press Bureau to let him to get his pages to Press.

The War-Aim of the Turk

To give a fillip to the lagging spirit of domesticity in these islands after winning an entrance by force of arms

RANK: *By Y.E.S.*

DENSMORE told me the other day about the awkward coincidence of leave in the Dare family, and what it led to. He heard about it from a chap who has just come out, bringing all the home news. When we say "home" out here we often mean the Three Kingdoms.

The circumstances were unfortunate, it must be admitted. They show that even in the best regulated armies there is a possibility of accident. It was an accident, to begin with, that when Second Lieut. George Wilson Dare arrived home on leave he should find his younger brother Bob already established there, with his arm in a sling. But the really regrettable accident was that by which an unreasoning fate and an unsympathetic War Office decreed that Bob should wear the uniform of a private.

Densmore says the misfortune sat lightly on Bob's shoulders. He was content that he wore khaki. He found that, even in its simplest and least ornate form it secured him all he could desire of the society of the fair; but he had vulgar tastes. He certainly had no aspirations after the upper reaches of that society, which lifts its eyes to no lesser luminary in the martial firmament than the fixed star upon the sleeve of 2nd-lieutenancy.

But it seems that George realised the military importance of the situation. The dignity of rank was vaguely threatened. Guarded as it is in "King's Regulations," George recognised it as a supremely significant factor in the science of war.

Densmore says his friend told him it was very awkward at breakfast the first morning. Bob had finished eating and was smoking a cigarette (he thinks it was a "Woodbine"—and I feel sure it was) when George came down.

"Don't you think you might smoke somewhere else, or wait until other people have finished their breakfast?" he said, rather sternly.

"George, dear," said Mrs. Dare, "you are really very late, you know."

"This isn't a church parade, anyhow," said Bob.

"You ought to have a little respect for your seniors," said George, in a voice husky with egg and bacon.

"You were born, if I remember right, a year and three months before the same thing happened to me, if that is what you mean," said Bob.

"I think what I meant was quite clear," retorted George.

"Bob, dear, you may smoke in the drawing-room if you want to," said Mrs Dare. "I suppose you boys are certain to be spoiled when you get home from the front."

Bob took the hint. When he reached the door he turned and said:

"If you feel like playing at soldiers when you've had your breakfast just let me know the hour of parade, and I'll fall myself in in the back yard."

Mrs. Dare thought a good deal in the course of the morning, and that night she told George that he looked as if he needed plenty of rest, and perhaps he would like his breakfast in bed while he was at home. She knew that both he and Bob had so many engagements during the day that the chances were they would not meet at any other meal. George rather fancied breakfast in bed, Densmore tells me.

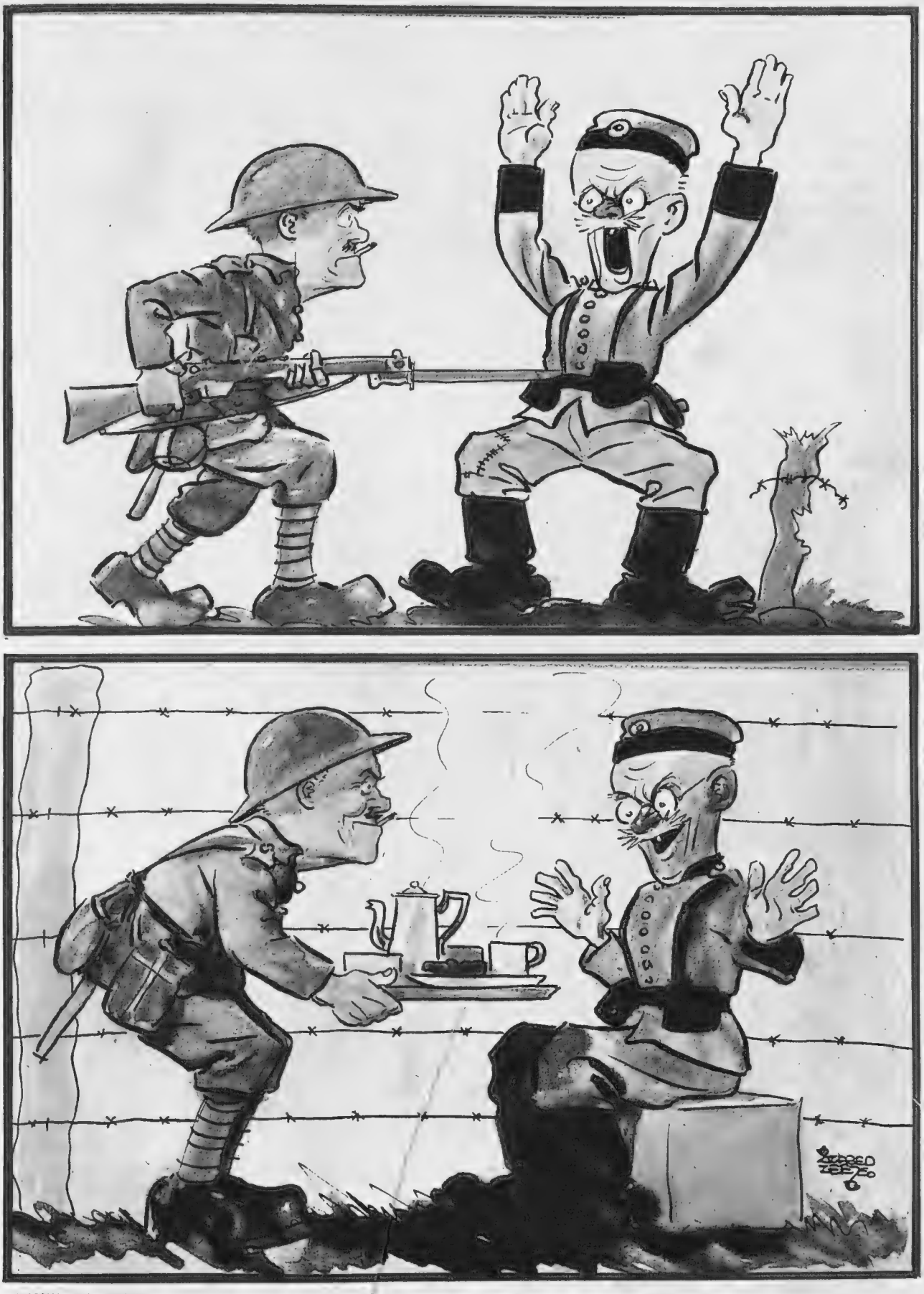
The arrangement worked very well, it would seem, and Mrs. Dare congratulated herself upon having solved a tactical problem of which military manuals have

(Continued on page 82)

THE WAR-AIM OF THE KAISER

To blow a bubble that won't burst

The War-Aim of Fritz



PASSED BY CENSOR

Being "fed-up" to "hands up," and then (as a change) to get "fed-up" again

"RANK" (concluded)

all fought shy; but Densmore says the really serious situation is being kept from the ears of Mrs. Dare.

It seems George was anxious to be friendly with Mrs. Delamere-Hicks, who had a daughter and a motor. Both were toppers. It is true George was not on visiting terms at the Grange in civilian days, but he was on nodding terms with the daughter in church. Besides George felt that khaki, and stars, and the front, and things, made such a difference. He decided to risk it.

Densmore says it was very difficult to get a clear account of what happened on the afternoon of the visit. He made minute inquiries, not because he had any personal interest in the matter, but because he thought I would like to hear about it. His friend said that everybody who could supply reliable information seemed to forget all the preliminary details. Densmore made an effort to piece the story together, but I told him he needs a lot of practice with jig-saw puzzles. I succeeded eventually in pinning Densmore to the following facts, but had to letter them so that he might recognise them again, and avoid misfits. These are the facts:

(*a*) The afternoon was warm.

(*b*) Mrs. Delamere-Hicks was cold.

(*c*) Miss Delamere-Hicks monopolised George's eyes.

(*d*) Mrs. Delamere-Hicks monopolised George's conversation.

(*e*) George had to explain who he was.

(*f*) Mrs. Delamere-Hicks tried hard not to be rude.

Having established (*a*) to (*f*), I was about to suggest getting on with the story, when Densmore called them "foundation stones." I asked him if he had ever heard of foundation stones in a jig-saw puzzle, and pointed out that he ought to be as careful mixing his metaphor as mixing his facts. He apologised for the metaphor, but said that mixed facts often made quite good fiction.

It seems that as George did not appear to realise that he was violating the neutrality of Mrs. Delamere-Hicks's drawing-room that lady was forced to suggest having tea in the garden.

George politely stood aside while his hostess passed through the French window, and succeeded in bringing up the rear with her daughter. Mrs. Delamere-Hicks took a short cut across the lawn to the summer-house. George saw that his triumph was to be measured by the width of the lawn.

But the high explosive with which the summer-house was charged was unobserved until it burst at his feet.

Mrs. Delamere-Hicks's parlourmaid was seated within, and very close to her (Densmore says it was impossible to find out *how* close) a soldier in khaki.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Delamere-Hicks in a voice that caused more than Sarah to tremble, "how dare you? Who is this?"

"Private Dare," answered Bob, with quite a jaunty salute. "I hope you will pardon the intrusion."

Mrs. Delamere-Hicks looked closely at Bob for a moment. Then she turned and regarded her other visitor with an unpleasant stare.

"Of the two intrusions," said she, "yours is the more unpardonable."

Densmore is absolutely certain upon two points—(1) Bob was more cautious next time he got close to Sarah. (2) George did not remain to tea in the summer-house.

Y. E. S.

The Conscientious Objector's War-Aim

To work his "Friends in Power" who've "got a pull"
To keep him wrapped, till Peace, in cotton wool

The War-Aim of Sir Lykeham Young, Bt.

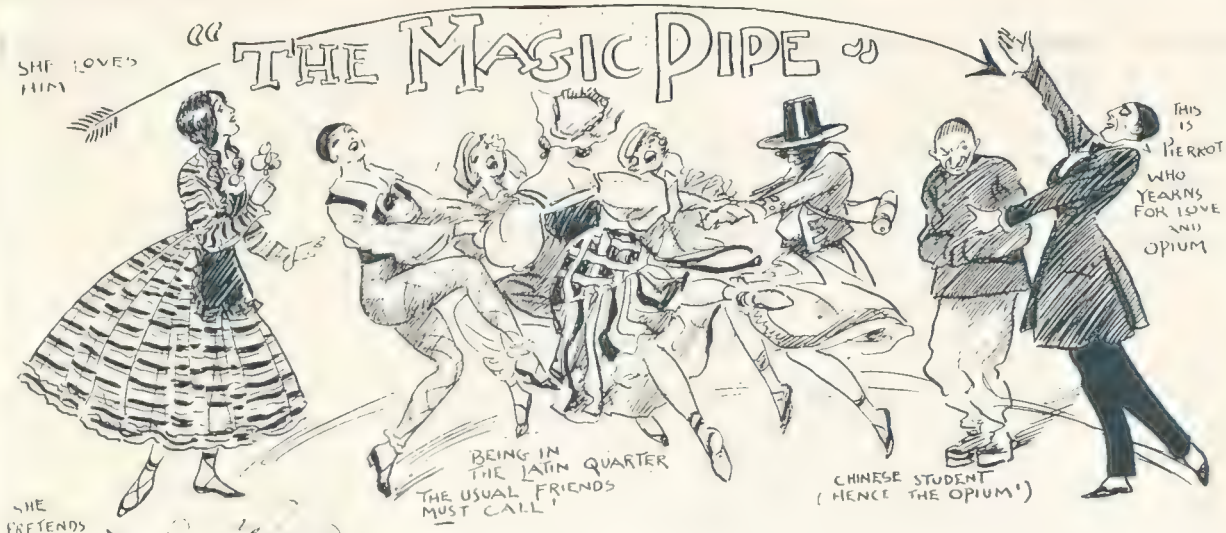
To be D.G.B.C.S. (Director-General of Beauty Chorus Supplies) at the new Ministry of Amusements

The War-Aims of the Stage

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

TO KEEP SMILING

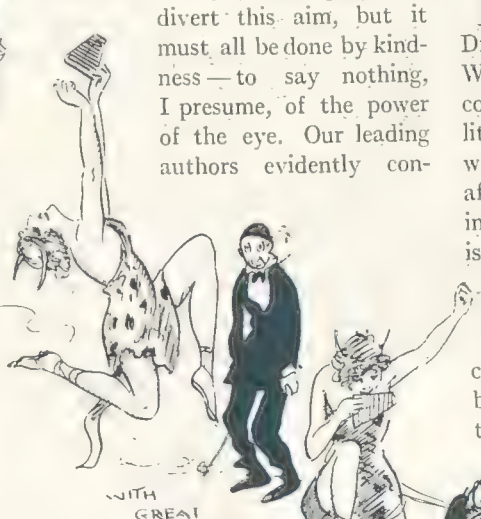
Miss Phyllis Bedells in "Smile!"—the entertaining revue at the Garrick



TRIPLE BILL AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by Norman Morrow*

THE most important of these three plays is *The Foundations*, a comedy in three scenes by Mr. John Galsworthy, which seems to indicate that the war-aim of the masses is an extremely sanguinary revolution. It is in our power to divert this aim, but it must all be done by kindness—to say nothing, I presume, of the power of the eye. Our leading authors evidently consider it their duty to-day to manufacture new religions for us. Mr. Wells got there first; and now Mr. Galsworthy comes a good second with a really nice religion that is presumably expected to sweep orthodoxy from its feet, or thereabouts. The poet who, sick of faiths and creeds, protested that "just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs" seems to have furnished the text for the little sermon here expounded. It is a sermon on the evils of sweating and of man's inhumanity to man, and it is leavened with humour of varying degrees of excellence.



THE play opens in the wine cellars of Lord William Dromondy, M.P., of Park Lane, W. 1. While the First Footman is collecting the wine for dinner the little daughter of the house discusses with him the knotty problem of life after death, and wants to know, incidentally, if a "little blighter" is necessarily a native of Blighty. I said there was humour in the play. All at once the First Footman, peering into a corner of the cellar, is shocked to observe a bomb there. He was in the trenches during the war, and is, therefore, quite familiar with this brand of goods. He is convinced that the bomb was placed in the cellar by the plumber, who was on the premises only an hour or

(*Continued on page 86*)

TRIPLE BILL AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE (*concluded*)

two earlier, and whose war-aim seems to have been to become a modern Guy Fawkes, with a distinctly German tendency to private and particular assassination.

❋

THE bomb has hardly been discovered and dropped into a pail of water for safety before a sleuth-hound of the very modern Press arrives, and admits that he wants to make a good story of the affair. Having been accorded an interview by Lord William, the first question the pressman asks is whether his lordship believes in a future life. This very pointed query, which recurs during the play, seems to indicate that it is a war-aim on its own account. Lord William, who is just home from the war, and whose religion is, apparently, that of the typical British soldier (bishops and chaplains to the contrary notwithstanding), explains hesitatingly that he thinks "dogma has got the knock," and that the only religion worth talking about is kindness. The pressman's comment, "If there is no future life, why be kind?" is quite a neat satire on the superficial ethics of "popular" papers.

❋

THE pressman then calls upon Mr. Lemmy, the plumber who left the bomb in Park Lane, in order to get his point of view of the religious and social needs of the world. Mr. Lemmy also, it seems, plumps for kindness, but this desirable quality will, in his opinion, probably be preceded by a very red revolution, for the simple reason that our young men have got so used to shedding blood that it will take some time to break them of the habit. Shades of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim! We then make the acquaintance of Mr. Lemmy's mother, an old lady of seventy-seven, whose business is that of

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST!

sewing lining into trousers at the scandalous rate of twopence-halfpenny a dozen. Apparently the Anti-Sweating League, or whatever it is, has been too busy eating dinners to qualify for its job.

❋

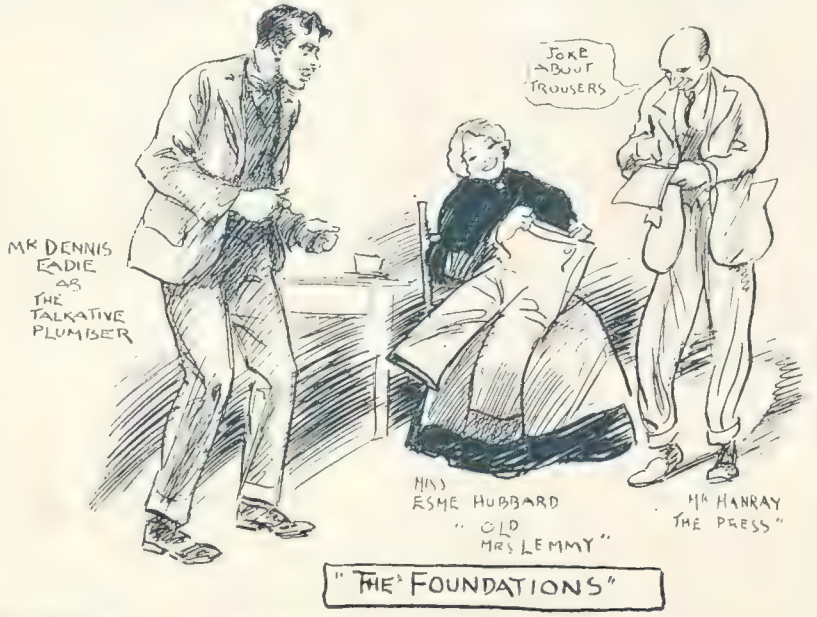
FINALLY, the pressman takes Mr. Lemmy and his mother to a meeting at Lord William's house. Old Mrs. Lemmy brings with her the particular garment she is working upon at the moment, and Mr. Galsworthy has, apparently, been unable to resist the natural temptation to refer to "Mrs. Lemmy's trousers" as often as possible. The play is full of happy epigrams and light wit, though it ends with an anti-climax that scarcely improves its quality. When Lord William, desiring to heap coals of fire on Lemmy's head, asks him as man to man why he wanted to go and put a bomb in the cellar, Mr. Lemmy points out that the thing in question is not a bomb at all, but an article incidental to the plumbing business, the precise function of which is not usually discussed in nice company. *The Foundations* seems a little inadequate as a homily in these days when we are all theologians and sociologists; but it is extremely interesting throughout. It is preceded by a wordless play of a rather unusual Pierrot type. The Pierrot in question is suffering from unrequited affection, and he doesn't seem to know what to do about it. He tries to drown his sorrow by writing poetry; but presently he comes to the conclusion that it isn't good enough, and so say all of us! Presently a nice little girl who lives in the adjoining attic strolls into the limelight and tries to fascinate Pierrot, but he scornfully indicates the portrait on the wall of his faithless love, with the suggestion that all women are equally unreliable *Bien fol est qui s'y fie*, and all that sort of thing.

❋

PRESENTLY Pierrot is invited to the Carnival; but he has no heart for that sort of thing. He is not left alone for long, however. The nice little girl hereinbefore referred to suddenly hops into the room, dressed (or thereabouts) as a faun, and dances until Pierrot is quite fascinated, and begins to realise the truth of the aphorism—attributed, I believe, to Socrates—that when disappointed in love there is nothing like taking a hair of the dog that bit you. The dance is executed by Miss Phyllis Pinson with unusual grace and charm, and though the faun is not necessarily typical of marital constancy, Pierrot is inspired with a new and lasting love, and (no doubt) lives happily ever after.

❋

THE last play is an amusing trifle dealing with the attitude of a jolly airman towards a still jollier widow. Altogether the present programme at the Royalty Theatre seems very attractive. JINGLE



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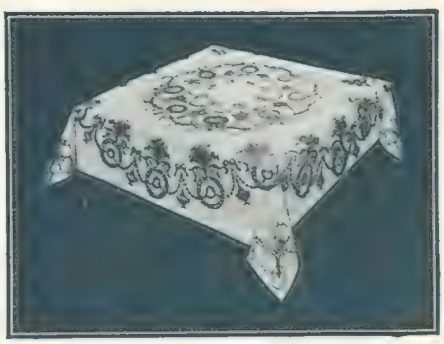

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A Memory

BY STEPHEN McKENNA

THE King's Messenger, with his lilac waistcoat, pearl pin, white carnation, and cloth-topped patent-leather boots, threw everyone else into the shade. Even the Millionaire ceased to feel opulent, and the Private Secretary kept his arms to his sides as though fearful of betraying a shiny elbow.

"You look as if you had just been married," said the Millionaire.

The Private Secretary, with bachelor omniscience, shook his head.

"Or as if you were just going to be," the Millionaire suggested.

The King's Messenger awoke from a reverie.

"I shall never be married," he said.

"I said the same thing at your age," answered the Millionaire in a tone of finality.

"I shall never be married," repeated the King's Messenger, pensively. "There was a time, certainly. . . . If you want the thing plain and unvarnished, she married someone else. I've just come back from St. George's."

There was a sympathetic silence, and the Millionaire tried to remember what he had read in that morning's paper about the progress of the war. The Private Secretary was not so much sympathetic as chagrined that another, in more ornate dress than his, should attend weddings to which he had not been invited.

"Who was she?" he inquired, bluntly.

"I have no idea," replied the King's Messenger. "Ten years ago I caught sight of her in Madrid; last week her photograph was in one of the illustrated papers. At first sight I saw she was a woman in a million. Ten years elapse. She marries someone else." He shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "The way of the world."

"They don't always marry someone else," said the Millionaire, darkly.

"And you don't even know her name?" asked the Private Secretary.

"What good would that have done? Her face, her figure——."

"She was beautiful?"

"She was the plainest woman I have ever seen," answered the King's Messenger. "Plain to the point of grandeur, with the spacious, splendid ugliness that you meet in a northern industrial city. Uniquely, unmistakably plain. There were half a dozen bridesmaids at the church to-day—pretty little pink-and-white things all dressed alike, and if you had to marry one you could spin a coin or draw lots. They were all so much the same. Lose one, and you could marry the next. But the bride. . . . You could never lose her. There was individuality in her unattractiveness. Did I ever tell you what happened to me once at Ostend two or three years before the war?"

The Millionaire shook his head and prepared to listen politely. The Private Secretary was less inviting in his headshake. If a story had to be told, he preferred to tell it himself.

"It was the year after my father died," began the King's Messenger. "I was young, impressionable. . . . And London was full of pretty girls, some of them rich and all of them exquisite pianists. I wanted to settle down; I felt I could be happy with any one of them.

"You know the roaming life I lead. In the July of that year I was returning from St. Petersburg when I met Mark Haselrigge in the buffet at Ostend. He was fresh from a terrible crossing, and I found him white-faced and limp, consuming cognac after cognac and calling for strong coffee to take to his wife, who was outside in the open air.

"'When were you married, Mark?' I asked. We had not met since I came down from Trinity.

"'Midday to-day,' he answered, swallowing another cognac. 'We're spending our honeymoon in Brussels. I should like to introduce you to my wife, if you're not in a hurry. . . . By Jove! There's our train!'

"At the sound of the whistle he hurried away without waiting for the coffee. I lit a cigar and followed him. It must have been the worst crossing of the year, for I found not fewer than fifty female passengers huddled against the wall of the Custom House—three or four French, seven or eight Belgians, and the rest English. As I looked at them I started back and rubbed my eyes. They were like the chorus of a musical comedy travelling in their stage clothes. Tailor-made blue coats and skirts stretched in an unbroken line; white silk blouses with Medici collars and lace cuffs, heliotrope stockings, and patent-leather shoes, red morocco jewel-cases. . . .

"Then one of them pushed up her veil, and the unmistakable new gold of a wedding-ring flashed into view. It was July, and the London marriage season was in full swing.

"At that moment Haselrigge called me, and I found him standing before a slim, fair girl who had fainted. That year, I remember, a girl was slim and fair or she was nothing.

"'What the devil am I going to do?' he demanded, helplessly.

"'You're going to lose the Brussels train,' I answered.

"'Will you look after my wife while I hunt for the luggage?' he asked.

"'*I* will hunt for the luggage,' I said.

"'The porter won't know you,' he cried, so I compromised by securing two corner-seats and leaving the wife and luggage complication to straighten itself out.

"The time was not enough for both processes, and to show you how quickly marriage begins to humanise a man I may tell you that he rescued the fainting girl and abandoned luggage of incredible value.

"'Two trunks and a suit-case,' he shouted, hurling himself half out of the window as the coupling-chains tightened with a jolt and the Brussels express slowly gathered speed. 'For Heaven's sake get them sent on to the Elysée Palace!'

"I shouted something in reply, and hurried back to get first choice of the unclaimed baggage in the Custom House. The recumbent figures had for the most part been galvanised into activity and bundled into the train. I was trying to get hold of one of

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(Continued on page 90)

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded)

the examiners when a slim, fair girl in tailor-made blue coat and skirt asked me what time the Brussels express left Ostend.

"'It's just gone,' I said, and she started to look apprehensively round the great dim shed.

"'What can have happened to Bunny?' she asked.

"Not knowing whether Bunny was her husband, her maid, or her Pekinese, I offered no suggestion.

"'I hope he hasn't gone on without me!' she exclaimed, anxiously. I ruled out the maid. 'He's got all the tickets and all the money!' I ruled out the Pekinese.

"'If I can be of any assistance,' I began, pulling out my card-case. 'They know me at the Consulate.'

"'It's very kind of you,' she said. 'I'm afraid I haven't got a card. I'm only just married, and they haven't come yet. My name is Mrs. Mark Haselrigge, St. James Court. . . .'

"I took in the situation rapidly.

"'In your place,' I said, 'I should put up at an hotel in Ostend, advise the Consul, and wait till you hear from your husband. If you want money, let me be your banker. He can't be far away.'

"'You don't think he has gone on to Brussels alone?' she asked, dubiously.

"'I'm sure of it,' I answered."

The King's Messenger threw away the end of his cigar and rose from the table.

"With the other girl," he observed, "the girl who was married to-day at St. George's—I wish I knew her name; that would never have happened."

"I feel we're only at the beginning of the story," suggested the Millionaire.

The Private Secretary said nothing. He was dining with his chief that night, and wondered whether the story, told of himself, would go down well. STEPHEN MCKENNA

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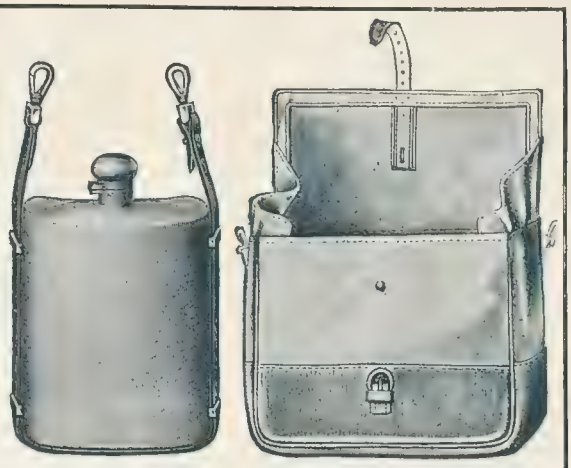

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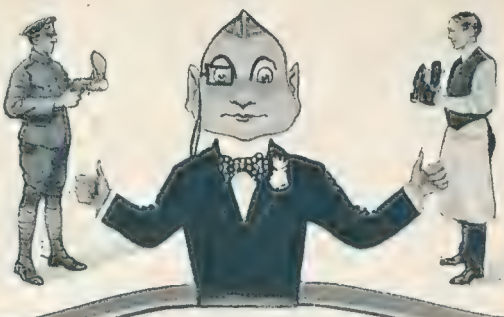

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The War-Aims of All England

TO SHOW THEY'RE ROUSED AT LAST

The War-Aim of the Inveterate Collector

NOT TO MISS GETTING A SINGLE FLAG OF A SINGLE FLAG-DAY

ZENOBIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

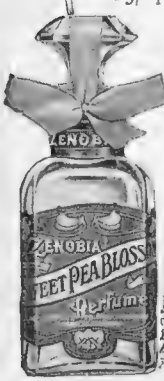
USED by people of refinement and distinction. Their freshness and daintiness appeal to the cultured instinct; and their lasting fragrance makes them a constant pleasure.

ZENOBIA SWEET PEA BLOSSOM is one of the most exquisite of Nature's odours. This, and Zenobia Night Scented Stock, are sold at 2/-, 3/-, 4/6, 6/-, 12/6, and 25/- per bottle. Zenobia Lily of the Valley costs 2/5, 4/6, 7/6, and 12/6 per bottle.

Zenobia Eau de Cologne, 1/9, 3/3, and 6/- per bottle.

Of Chemists, Perfumers & Stores

ZENOBIA LTD., Loughborough, Leicestershire.



The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, and Hotels throughout the world,

Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.
And at Liverpool & Bristol.

THE VERY LATEST

BADGE BROOCHES OF THE BRITISH NAVY & ARMY

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION. ENAMELLED IN THE CORRECT HERALDIC COLOURS OF THE SHIPS' AND REGIMENTAL CRESTS.

Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free.

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

An entirely unique production in 9-ct. Solid Gold; fine Enamel finish (as illustration) **21/-**

15-ct. Gold ditto **42/-**

500 Designs are ready, which include almost every Regiment in the British Army, Colonials, Territorials, Yeomanry, etc., also about 200 Designs of the Ships of H.M. Fleet.

9-ct. Gold on Safety Pin (as illustration) **12/6**

Complete in velvet-lined leather case.

Solid Silver **2/6**

Gilt Enamel **1/-**

In velvet-lined box.

POST FREE ANYWHERE.

BOTLY & LEWIS,

(Established a Century.)

Manufacturing Jewellers, etc.,

25, King St., READING.

Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.

Send for our Illustrated Booklet, post free.

'Phone 172.

Look inside that kettle

That fur in the kettle explains why you suffer from uric acid.

The "fur" in the kettle comes from the chalk, lime or other mineral matter in water. If you drink that water, the same mineral matter goes into your body. It may accumulate for years unsuspected; until one day you feel its presence in

THE SUDDEN PAIN OF GOUT OR RHEUMATISM

Instead of ordinary water, drink Still or Sparkling Salutaris. Not only is Salutaris free from all mineral and bacterial impurities. It relieves the pain by removing the cause. It dissolves, absorbs and removes the accumulated deposits and the sharp-edged crystals of uric acid.

In the words of a Public Analyst and Medical Officer of Health, "It is the wholesomest drinking water we have, and in patients suffering from Gout, Rheumatism or Calculous disorders its regular use greatly improves the health."

Do not wait until the pain comes. Make Salutaris your table water and prevent uric acid troubles It is especially beneficial to men and women in middle life, and to those residing where the water is hard and chalky, as in Kent and other districts near London.

Choose for your Table Water

Salutaris

The most healthful drink in the world.

Prices per doz., carriage paid: *London*: Nips, 2/3; Pints, 3/6; Syphons, 7/6. Minimum quantities London: Nips, two doz.; Pints, one doz.; Syphons, half doz. *Country*: Nips, 2/5; Pints, 4/-; Syphons, 8/6. Minimum quantities Country: Nips, 16 doz.; Pints, 12 doz.; Syphons, one doz. *Deposit on cases and bottles* (refunded when returned), per doz. Nips, 1/9; Pints, 2/-; Syphons, 26/-.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Salutaris from your Wine Merchant, Chemist or Grocer, write to the Salutaris Co., Ltd., 236, Fulham Road, London, S.W. 10.

ZAIR'S FLY WHISKS

From all Saddlers & Military Outfitters.

Write for Illus. Price List of all kinds of Whips & Sticks

C. & J. ZAIR, 115, BISHOP STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

R.M.S.P.

SOUTH AMERICA
WEST INDIES
SPAIN PORTUGAL
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GUIANA CENTRAL AMERICA
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STRAITS CHINA JAPAN &
THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET CO
18 MOORGATE ST LONDON E.C.

The Whisky for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S "Special" Scotch

Years **10** Old

per **36/-** Case

containing six bottles.

Carriage Paid and Cases Free.

Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Whisky

The "Lancet" says:

"It is well adapted for dietetic purposes owing to its purity and quality."

Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd.

London Offices: 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.3.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Books *of the* Week

A NOVEL AND SOME SPEECHES

"Autumn"

When a nice woman leaves her selfish husband and goes to live in a country cottage you expect interesting developments, particularly when the nice woman happens to be the heroine of a novel by Mrs. Coxon (Muriel Hine). The heroine of *Autumn* (Lane: 6*s.*) can hardly be blamed for the tragic little adventure that followed on her "rebellion." She met Rolle Mesurier, a neighbouring squire of unconventional mould, and in the intervals of looking after his daughter fell in love with him. The affair was considerably complicated by the fact that Rolle's daughter had fallen in love with a married man. Here, indeed, is what the heroine's faithful maid, Day—one of Mrs. Coxon's most brilliantly drawn characters—might call "a pretty fix," and so it is until tragedy comes to intervene. You feel, perhaps, that the tragedy is a trifle forced—it solves a difficult problem so easily—but then, perhaps, it was the only solution possible. In any case, here is another of those pleasant stories which, like *Earth* and *The Individual*, will help to increase Mrs. Coxon's popularity.

Whiskey-and-Sodaish

A Merry Banker in the Far East (Lane: 5*s.* net) is the spirited title of a book of sporting adventures, now in its second edition, by Mr. Walter H. Young (Tarapaca). It is full of good yarns, and in no way belies its title. The Banker and his many friends were undoubtedly merry at times, and Mr. Young has the knack not only of seeing the funny side of things himself but also of making you see it with him. R. S.

More War-Aims

General Smuts has no need whatever to apologise for the "ephemeral character and rough, unpolished form" of the speeches now collected into his book, *War-time Speeches* (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.* net.). He deals with three great subjects—our war-aims, the British Empire generally, and the future government of the world; and to all of these questions he brings a courageous farsightedness as rare as it is welcome. People are so absorbed in the military aspects of the war that they overlook its moral aspects and the psychological change it is working in the minds of the nations which participate in it. General Smuts outlines these changes, and draws his own conclusions. That the ideas involved in the British constitutional and colonial system will guide the future of the whole of civilisation for ages to come, when fully developed, General Smuts believes fully. Equally straightforward are his ideas for the necessity of that development; and it is essential that we should acquaint ourselves fully with what those ideas are, if all is to go well with the British Commonwealth of Nations. B.

To Officers who are tired of sweltering in rubber or oil-proofed Coats

Discard them! and buy an

OMNE TEMPUS TRENCHER

Omne Tempus Slip On.
£3 : 10 : 0

Genuinely Rainproof, without rubber or oil-silk, made from fine, close-woven "Khaki" *wool*—not cotton—and proofed by the secret "Omne Tempus" process, which allows free passage of air though denying admission to rain or wind.

Ready for Wear in your Size or made to your measure.

A testimonial letter selected from hundreds we can show you.

5th April, 1916.

W.D.....Captain, writes—

"You will be glad to know that my 'Omne Tempus' has given me every satisfaction. It has been put to many severe tests during the wet weather we've had out here, but it has never failed me. In my opinion every officer who goes on active service ought to have an 'Omne Tempus' with him. It is the only coat I have found which really does keep out rain; it has none of the disadvantages of the ordinary mackintosh, and it is also light and warm, so that it can be worn as a light overcoat at night in Summer."

Omne Tempus Trencher.
£4 : 17 : 6

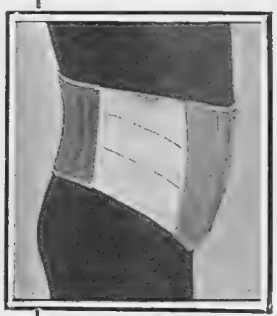
SAMUEL BROS., Ltd.,

221/223, Oxford St., W. (Close to Circus)

65/67, Ludgate Hill, E.C. (near St. Paul's)

Corsets & Belts for Men

Providing comfortable support as well as improvement of the figure.



A boon to Service Men and invaluable to those having undergone operations.

Most beneficial to wearers of artificial limbs, as they relieve and distribute the pressure of all straps and bindings.

Also admitted to be of great assistance to the digestive organs.

Every description made to order.

Self-measurements for those unable to call for fittings. Forms, Illustrations and Prices sent on application.

Mrs. Morison, Ld. 47 Sth. Molton St. London, W.1.

Telephone—Mayfair, 3866

BRITISH MADE

"SALASPIN"

TRADE MARK

REPLACES GERMAN ASPIRIN

If "WAR WORRY"

gives you frequent headache, remember that a tablet or two of "Salaspin" is a medically approved remedy. Your Doctor will confirm this. Follow approved dose instructions in carton.

"SALASPIN" is the BRITISH Standardized remedy for all Nervous Pains. Purity and Quality guaranteed by the registered name "Salaspin."

All Chemists
1/- (25 tablets)
3/- (100 tablets)

Sole Makers:
T. KERFOOT & CO.,
Bardsley, Lancashire.

An Impromptu Consultation

MR. A. VERNON-WARD, THE FAMOUS ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC SPECIALIST, TALKS TO SUFFERERS FROM OBESITY, RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, CONSTIPATION, AND KINDRED DISORDERS.

Confidence the First Step

I find that most of my patients, when first they write to me, ask me one standard question: "Will you tell me the names of any others whom you have cured of my complaint?" Invariably my answer is: "Come and see me! Then you can study the originals of letters, not only from grateful patients, but from some of the most eminent medical men in the country who have themselves received my treatment at one of the Vernon-Ward establishments, and have sent their own patients to me."

It is not, of course, professional etiquette to disclose names and addresses in writing, but to you who read this little "talk," I issue the same invitation. I do so because I fully realise how hopeless a pessimist one may become after years of futile "cures," that either leave one in a worse condition than before or prove totally unavailing.

Assisting and Co-Operating with Nature

The whole secret of the success of the Vernon-Ward treatment is in its penetration to the root-cause of the trouble, and its persistent and systematic *co-operation with Nature* to attain the desired results. No drug-taking, no drastic dieting, is demanded of the unfortunate sufferer. It simply means half an hour at a time devoted to getting well and keeping well, by a perfectly harmless and painless process, known to science as Electro-Therapy.

Electricity Creates Order Out of Chaos

Now there are certain obstinate physical disorders that are peculiarly amenable to the influence of electricity—notably, Obesity, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all the attendant evils that result from bad blood circulation and a generally abnormal condition of certain vital organs. It is impossible to exaggerate the ills attributable to chronic Indigestion and Constipation, which are so rife in these days of strenuous existence, when nerves are constantly on edge and the digestive system taxed to the uttermost. The pity of it is that so many people neglect to a criminal extent these too common troubles, when the Vernon-Ward treatment, taken in time, would have arrested any possibility of their development. Briefly, electricity makes order out of internal chaos, stimulates into normal action functions long dormant, and tones up the system to such a degree, that people who have been "re-made" by it talk of it as if it were a miracle-worker—which, in a sense, it is!

The Vernon-Ward Institutes—Unique in This Country

It is my good fortune to stand alone in this country as the Director of three unique establishments (at London, Brighton, and Manchester), the only Institutes of their kind in the United Kingdom—which are equipped with magnificent installations for the administration of Electro-Therapy, by a staff of highly skilled nurses, in its most perfected form.

Unrivalled Professional Support

One of the most gratifying features of my success is the fact that I have gained the support and co-operation of medical men, because I have cordially welcomed their independent investigation; because they have seen my installation, have watched my apparatus at work, and have thoroughly satisfied themselves of the unrivalled efficacy of my methods, and the skill and training of my staff. With this solid phalanx of professional goodwill behind me, and the support and recommendation of thousands of patients who have left the Vernon-Ward Institutes literally new men and women, I feel it will be generally conceded that I stand on the bedrock of scientific achievement when I claim to have succeeded where every other method has failed.

Consultations Free

My establishment in LONDON is situated at 2, VERE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W. 1 (Telephone: Mayfair 2200); BRIGHTON Establishment, 91, KING'S ROAD; MANCHESTER Establishment, 12, EXCHANGE STREET, ST. ANNE'S SQUARE; where I shall be happy to give you a personal consultation, free of all fee or obligation, if you care to call.

NOW PROCEEDING.

Sale Catalogue Post free.

Woollands "Quality" Sale

BARGAINS IN LADIES' HOSE

VALUE in every purchase is the only real economy, and value there cannot be unless quality also is assured. Woolland's high-class regular and standard goods at *SALE* prices represent, therefore, buying opportunities of first importance.

H 56
Smart fine Lisle and Silk Hose, Checked in a variety of contrasting colours. All sizes.
Sale Price 5/6

H 384
French Silk Hose, with Lisle Feet and Tops. Silk Clox, in Black, White and colours. All sizes.
Sale Price 5/6

H 57
Fine Lisle Hose, with Silk Vertical Stripes (as sketch), in a large variety of colours. In all sizes.
Sale Price 5/6

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

Black Balbriggan Cotton Hose, with Silk Clox. All sizes. **Sale price 2/3½**

200 doz. Good Quality Artificial Silk Hose, with Lisle feet and tops. Usual price 3/6½ **Sale price 2/6½**

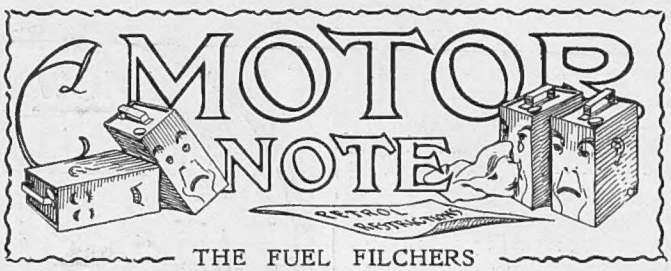
100 dozen Ladies' Black Artificial Silk Hose, with fine Cashmere Feet. **Sale price 2/6½**

An enormous variety of Coloured Fine Lisle Hose, with Silk Clox. All sizes. **Sale price 3/3**

Ladies' French Silk Hose, with Silk Clox. All sizes, in black, white and colours. **Sale price 6/6**

REMNANTS (HALF PRICE) EVERY THURSDAY

Woolland Bros Ltd
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, SW. 1



THE FUEL FILCHERS

Short Weight

A CORRESPONDENT in a contemporary has been dealing, or attempting to deal, with short measure in the tins of petrol purchased by him under his Petrol Committee licence. The difficulty of securing any petrol at all, even for urgently necessary work, and the unpardonably extortionate price of the little that can be bought, should at least be a guarantee of full measure. Yet short measure in petrol cans is about as common as virtues in the enemy are alleged to be rare. This correspondent, measuring seven cans (fourteen gallons) by weight, found himself no less than 35 per cent. short. Promptly he returned the tins, seals unbroken, only to find them rejected on the strength of a notice delivered by the petrol company with every consignment of petrol to every dealer therein: "We guarantee that all cans contain full measure when delivered by us, but owing to the volatile nature of petroleum spirit we regret we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any shortage after the cans leave our hands."

* * *

Very Mean

"AFTER the cans leave our hands" means after we have handed them over to the dealer. The dealer is not recognised as part of the distributing organisation of the petrol company concerned; yet the petrol company has no distributing organisation, so far as public supply is concerned, apart from such dealers. Not perhaps in name, but certainly in fact, every retailer of petrol is an accredited agent for the petrol company, and, by any honourable firm, and in such circumstances, would, one might suppose, be regarded as part of its "hands"; particularly as it is recognised that the measure of petrol in the tins, when supplied to the retailer by the petrol company, may be (and often is) short. The retailer can reject light cans at the moment they are handed to him by the petrol company, which means that he would have carefully to weigh every one before accepting; but the ultimate consumer cannot reject light cans after delivery because they have passed out of the "hands" of the petrol company.

* * *

Weigh Your Petrol

THE consumer's only hope is to weigh the cans before purchasing and to reject all light cans. That throws the onus of recovering upon the unfortunate retailer or dealer; but that cannot be helped. If he cannot move through his trade organisation to force the petrol company to exchange light cans with unbroken seals (one reason for the seals being there is to ensure full quantity), then the trade organisation is not much good. On any issue of this sort, involving a charge on which little bakers, coal merchants, and others are often fined comparatively heavily, it should not be a very difficult thing to force the hands even of a lordly and autocratic petrol combine. It should be particularly easy at the present time, while the Government (susceptible to strong attacks) is dabbling in the petrol pool.

* * *

A Useless Guarantee

IF, as the company alleges, petrol is so volatile that there is no possible method of avoiding evaporation (an allegation I shall hesitate for a long time before accepting), then the petrol company will have to do the same as other firms do who deal by weight or measure in goods affected by evaporation or other forms of elimination: it will have to make a reserve sufficiently large to cover such possible loss, so as to ensure that the margin of error shall be on the right side (where at present it never is) and not on the wrong side (where at present it *always*

(Continued on page 100)

"'Twas a famous victory."

GRAND PRIX RACE

JUNE, 1912

(THREE LITRE CLASS)

1st SUNBEAM
2nd SUNBEAM
3rd SUNBEAM

DISTANCE ... ... 956 MILES
AVERAGE SPEED 65 M.P.H.

COUPE DE RÉGULARITÉ

WON BY SUNBEAM TEAM

Note:
THIS WAS A SCRATCH RACE—NOT A HANDICAP

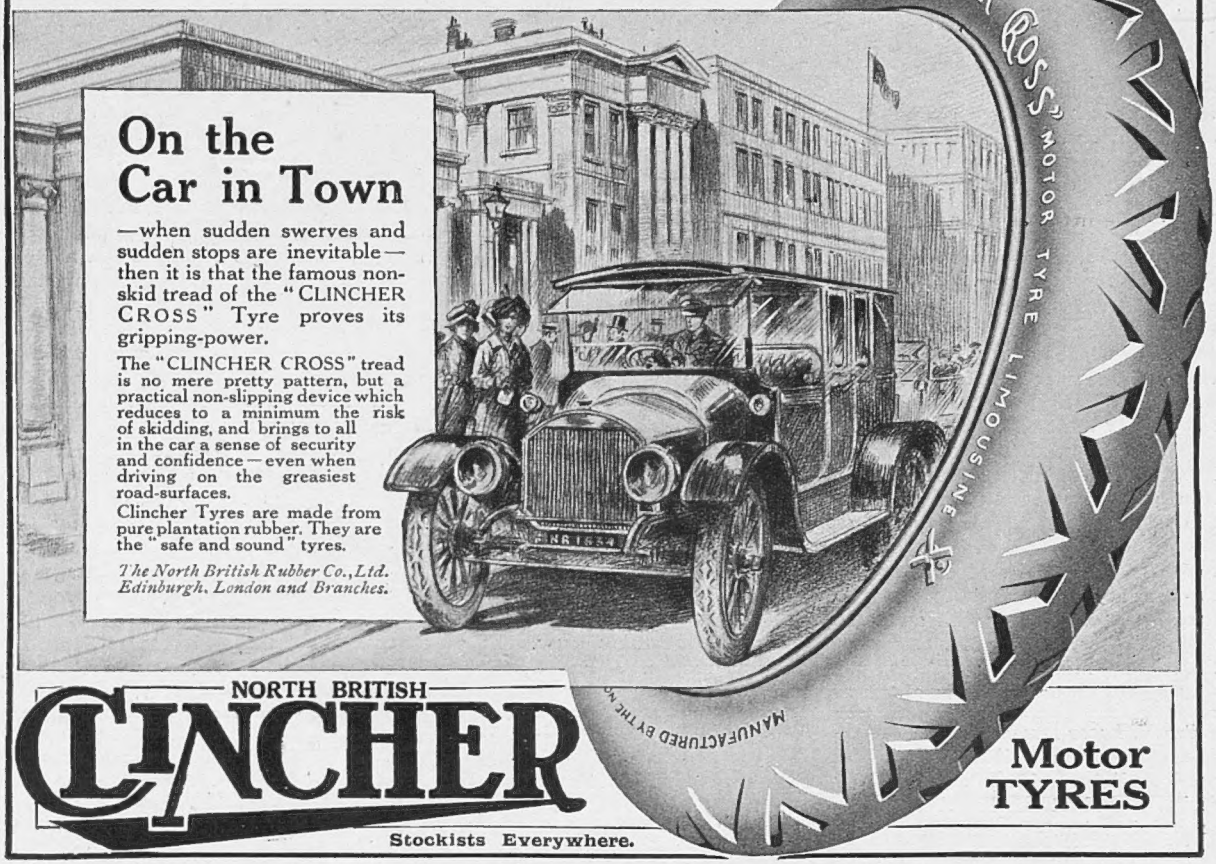
"Beyond doubt, the greatest feat in the history of motor racing." *Illustrated London News.*

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
Head Office and Works - - Wolverhampton
Manchester Showroom - - 112, Deansgate
London and District Agents for Cars:
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W. 1.

¶

This advertisement, which appeared in 1912, is inserted to remind you of a Sunbeam performance that has never been equalled by any car.

"The Proof of the Tyre is in the Running."



On the Car in Town

—when sudden swerves and sudden stops are inevitable—then it is that the famous non-skid tread of the "CLINCHER CROSS" Tyre proves its gripping-power.

The "CLINCHER CROSS" tread is no mere pretty pattern, but a practical non-slipping device which reduces to a minimum the risk of skidding, and brings to all in the car a sense of security and confidence—even when driving on the greasiest road-surfaces.

Clincher Tyres are made from pure plantation rubber. They are the "safe and sound" tyres.

The North British Rubber Co., Ltd. Edinburgh, London and Branches.

NORTH BRITISH
CLINCHER
Motor TYRES

Stockists Everywhere.

Sunset on the Indian Ocean.

THE quietness of this Tropical scene has a wonderful realisation for us in our motor tyre use of the product known in its common state as "India Rubber." In Spencer-Moulton Three-Ribbed Tyres pure rubber assumes its utmost importance of silent speed with economy.

Special Treatment of Pure Rubber—in that lies the secret of their resiliency and durability.

GEORGE SPENCER, MOULTON & Co., Ltd., 77-79, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

DEPOTS at—
Glasgow: 65-67, Bothwell Street; Manchester: Leo. Swain & Co., 237-239, Deansgate; Leeds: 68, Albion Street; Nottingham: A. R. Atkey & Co., Ltd., Trent St.; Bristol: Haslam & Stretton, Ltd.; Cardiff: Haslam & Stretton, Ltd. Also Dublin, Belfast, and Cork.

SPENCER-MOULTON
THREE RIBBED TYRES

P.C.B.—123

INNOVATIONS embodied in the Post-War car will undeniably increase the popularity and high reputation gained by the Pre-War model.

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR WAITING-LIST IMMEDIATELY

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO., Ltd., Ward End Works, Birmingham.

London Agents—
Wolseley Motors, Ltd., York St., Westminster, S.W.1.

PROPRIETORS VICKERS LIMITED

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

is); and if the company cannot devise a means of securing this result, then its faculty of ingenuity is a pretty feeble thing. As it is, the "guarantee" that cans contain full measure when they leave the company's hands is absurd, because it does not affect the consumer, and is untrue, anyhow, because it is an experience common to all retailers that light cans very frequently leave the company's hands.

* * *

Licking Creation

AMERICA, by concentrating upon aeroplanes, is doubtless doing the very best thing possible for the cause. It satisfies her natural expansiveness and passion for the big thing to lick creation in a place where creation has never been licked before—or, if you will, where creation is susceptible to further lickings; particularly the creation of the Central Powers. Much more importantly, it offsets the threatened German output of aeroplanes and promises to give us an air force strong enough speedily to settle the aerial side of this war, even if it does not settle the war entirely. "To strike with an aerial arm relatively as strong, if not stronger, than our infantry arm," is the Americans' idea; and it is about as sound an idea as any that has come from that side. Orville Wright says ten thousand planes are ready, and the output of pilots is proceeding very rapidly. Which is good hearing. I hope they will be able to get a few thousand planes and pilots across before the fall; but if they cannot get here in force until the spring (it's rotten that another spring offensive should be looking so inevitable), why, then, the spring offensive should be very offensive indeed. If England, France, and America cannot together purify the air of enemy countries, and administer a scare to the enemy territory below said air sufficient to cause the denizens of said territory to grow very tired of war, then we're not quite the trinity I imagined.

A 20 H.P. DAIMLER

On a picturesque bit of road near Colombo, Ceylon

* * *

A Matter of Hedging

AGAINST an opinion which I have seen expressed several times recently, I will wager that the after-war car will *not* have an elevated body as one of its features; and, by way of consolation to those who pant to see over hedges (as if they could not see all the country any healthy person requires to see from the lowest built car that ever happened) I will also wager that, some time after the war, the hedges will be very much lower than now, while the hedges between fields will, in considerable measure, have disappeared altogether; the latter being due to the development of agriculture and the enlargement of cultivated areas accelerated by the motor tractor, and the former being due to the economic disadvantages of high hedges. Unless, of course, we slack off agriculture after the war; in which case we shall deserve anything adverse that may come to us.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

C.A.V. LAMP BULBS for CAR LIGHTING enable the motorist to get the best possible light. They are specially designed and strengthened to withstand vibration.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., (Ltd.), Acton, London, W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

Poor Sleep

and a tired awakening in the morning, the results of over-taxed brain and nerves, are conditions for which 'BYNOGEN,' introduced by Allen & Hanburys Ltd. is being largely used.

Containing a suitable proportion of a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt, with milk protein and organic phosphates, 'BYNOGEN' is distinguished from other nerve-foods by its agreeable flavour. It is a food adjunct that induces healthy sleep.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- *and* 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established in the City of London, A.D. 1715.

LOVELY EYELASHES

grown and kept so by the application once daily of the colourless eyelash food

CURLASH CREAM

This all-British triumph is used by ladies of discernment.

Mrs. MARTIN-HARVEY writes: "I think it splendid."

1/- 1/9, *and* **3/6.**

Of Selfridges, Boots, Chemists; B'ham, of Hallam, Corporation St.; or post free, plain wrapper, from

THE B.Y. BALDWIN MFG. CO.
Wigmore St., London, W. 1.

Illustrated list of fine toilet articles; 1d. stamp.

SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE "RURAL" SET

FOR INDOOR OR OUTDOOR USE.

Natural brown osier. Can be left out in all weathers.

Chairs, 6/6 each. Table (30 in. diam. top), 8/6.
Or set of 4 chairs and table, 32/6.
Plaited rush cushions, 2/- each.

Cash with order. Prompt delivery.

RURAL INDUSTRIES, Ltd., MONKTON COMBE, Som.

The "Daily Graphic"
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THE MOTOR TRAINING INSTITUTE LTD.

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Officially appointed by Royal Automobile Club since 1907.

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COMPLETE MOTORING INSTRUCTION.
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WHY PAY HIGH PRICES FOR YOUR **BREECHES**

TRY OUR **27/=** CUT TO MEASURE.

FIT GUARANTEED. CASH REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

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Dept. B.S

THE HAIR AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

By Professor HARLEY PARKER. Price 6d.

CONTENTS: How the growth and condition of the hair are governed by the nerve energy of the scalp. How the nerves affect the hair colour. Daily diet and hair preservation. Hair treatment in nervous affections, &c.

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